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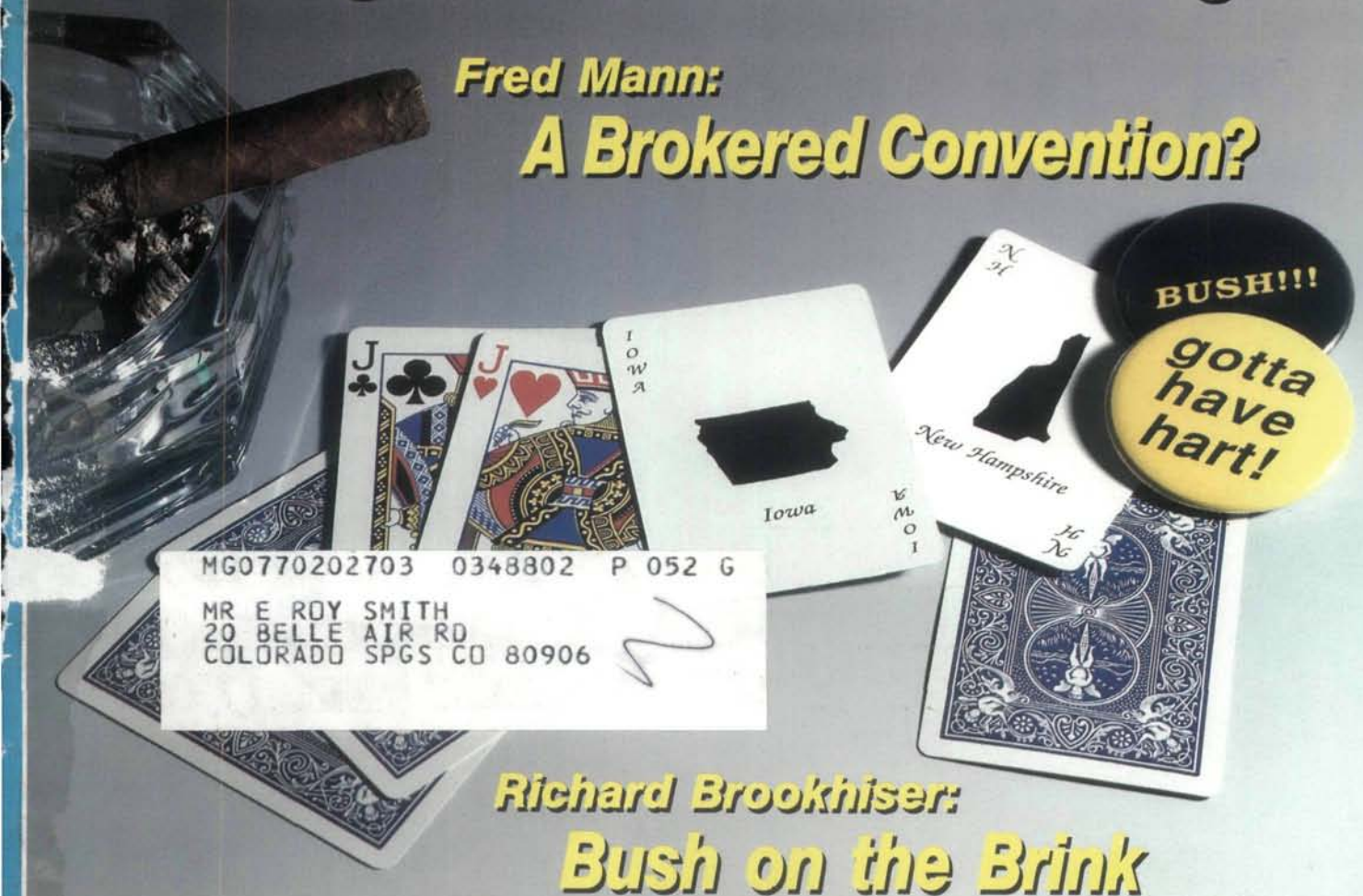

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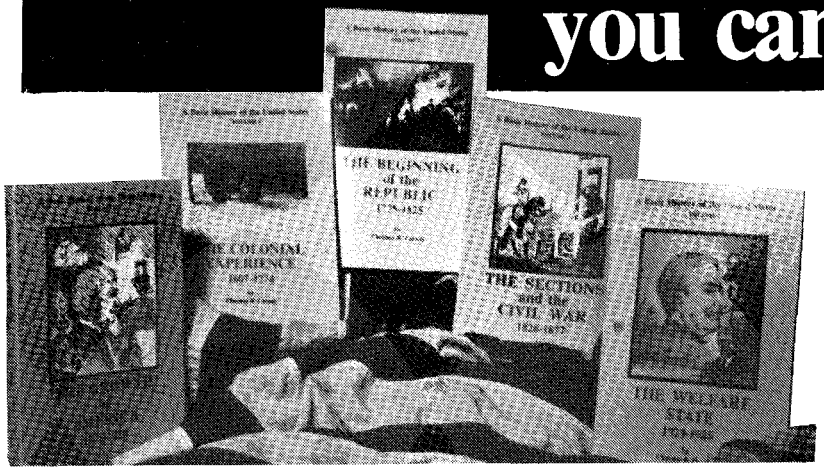

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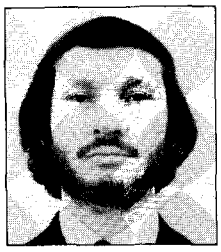
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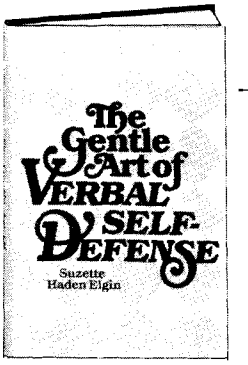
Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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LETTERS

The Right Reagan Doctrine

Ferdinand Marcos's "What I'd Do in the Philippines" [Jan. 22] was not only remarkably objective and informative, it implicitly pointed out the real problem with the Reagan Doctrine as presented by the conservative wanna-bes of *The New Republic*: working to promote "democracies" where we have imperfect allies generally means putting utter incompetents, or actual leftists, in political control of important geostrategic assets such as our Clark and Subic bases.

While Marcos himself was hardly an entirely benevolent dictator, he got the job done from our point of view, protecting our bases for a fairly moderate return. Mrs. Aquino wants a bigger slice of the pie, *and* a chance to bite the hand feeding it to her. Clearly, the U.S., in late 1986, ought to have sought a more competent strongman for the Philippines, rather than backing a housewife from Brookline, Mass. Having just avoided the same situation in Korea, let's remember next time: the true Reagan Doctrine means backing anti-Communist guerrilla movements, not selling out fairly benign looters so the outright thugs can take over.

Hahna Shepard
Eagle River, Alaska

Point

I suppose I run the risk that Alan Reynolds ["What Scared the Markets?" Nov. 20] will identify me with "the forces of darkness" that he says are "gaining the upper hand" in the United States and elsewhere. Nevertheless, I feel obliged to accept that risk and voice an objection to his curious notion that trade and tax legislation triggered the October 19 crash.

I find it difficult to understand how Mr. Reynolds can discuss the bursting of the Wall Street bubble without considering the numerous unhealthy factors in the American economy, namely a federal debt that is three times what it was in 1980, a federal budget deficit that hasn't been seriously addressed, a trade deficit of $170 billion and the export of jobs that it represents, a dollar that has lost 40 per cent of its value, a national focus on consumption rather than production of high-added-value goods, a $143-billion sell-off of American assets to foreigners in 1986, a massive movement offshore of American industries, and a destructive pattern of hostile takeovers by Wall Street pirates who weaken strong companies.

Almost everyone in this country is taking these unhealthy factors into consideration. Why can't Mr. Reynolds come to grips with them?

Anthony Harrigan
Washington, D.C.

Counterpoint

To begin with, in this context one can ignore the phenomena mentioned by Mr. Harrigan because they cannot explain why the crash took place. If the deficit et al. were undermining our economy, they were doing so every bit as much before October 19, when the market had been soaring, as they were on October 19 and after.

Furthermore, the "problems" raised by Mr. Harrigan need to be looked at in perspective. All but two of the G-7 countries have budget deficits that are far larger than ours, relative to their GNP. Our budget deficit is at most less of a problem than that of other countries. The trade deficit also isn't the sort of "news" that could suddenly affect the market—but the "solutions" under consideration by our policy-makers are.

Positive solutions involve improving foreign economies, so they can buy more from us. Negative solutions involve debasing the dollar, as Mr. Harrigan points out, as well as the protectionism that he advocates. Those are just two alternative ways of cutting imports by making Americans poorer and less competitive.

The protectionists simply refuse to notice that the real volume of imports has *never* declined in the United States except during recessions. We simply can't do without imported oil and chromium, for example, or cheap semiconductors for our valuable computers. We can't even replace foreign textiles (used in making some domestic furniture and drapes) with domestic output, because the domestic textile industry is running nearly flat out.

Mr. Harrigan's other "unhealthy factors" are simply a list of unexamined clichés. The "export of jobs" is nonsense. If anything, the U.S. faces a labor shortage in a world where most

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other countries have depression-level unemployment. The "focus on consumption" is also nonsense. Business fixed investment alone, in 1982 dollars, was $464 billion in the third quarter—way up from $370 billion just before President Reagan was elected in 1980. Mr. Harrigan's xenophobia about foreign-owned factories (the "sell-off of America's assets") is the worst nonsense of all. Does he really want Hoechst Celanese, which reinvests all its profits here, to leave his home state of South Carolina? Finally, the only people "weakened" by takeovers are inefficient managers.

My instant reaction on the causes of the crash has since been confirmed by, among others, Ed Yardeni of Prudential-Bache, Bob Genetski of Harris Bank, and Sam Brittain of the *Financial Times*. Mr. Harrigan has offered no alternative explanation at all, merely the familiar lobbying for hidden subsidies, called tariffs and quotas.

Alan Reynolds
Morristown, N.J.

Laying Down the Law

Your September 11 issue listed (page 48) Burnham's laws, ten in all, handed down by James Burnham, according to the article by Linda Bridges. I suggest that the list may need revision as the result of a chance discovery on my part.

Recently, during the course of reading the Brothers Grimm fairy tale "Hansel and Gretel" to one of my grandchildren, I came across the following passage: "But the wife would listen to nothing that he said, but scolded and reproached him. *He who says A must say B too, and when a man has given in once he has to do it a second time.*" (My emphasis.)

Miss Bridges commented: "But when asked, Are the Laws written down anywhere? he would say, 'Only in the hearts of my children.'" Perhaps Mr. Burnham subconsciously gained some of his abundant wisdom from those very children.

Walter J. Eno
Buzzards Bay, Mass.

I had meant to mention in my article that, indeed, not all of Burnham's Laws were original with him. Burnham explained that the Laws were his collection of universally applicable rules of living, whether formulated by himself or by someone else. For example, I know that "In every project there's a Schlamm" was original, and I believe "If there's no alternative, there's no problem" was; but I remember Jim saying that "No excuse, sir," was from the military, and I believe he attributed "Who says A . . ." to Trotsky. Perhaps I misunderstood him—or perhaps Trotsky read the Brothers Grimm. —LB

Faltering America and Russia

With reference to Brian Crozier's column "Faltering America, or Russia?" [Dec. 31], I fully agree that we should not stand idly by, waiting for the Soviet system to collapse. There is much we could do to hasten its demise. Our banks lend hundreds of millions to the Soviets, our Commerce Department wants to permit the import of more Soviet goods. These activities supply the funds that help keep the Soviet system going and should be halted.

In addition, why can't the Administration withdraw recognition of the illegitimate Marxist government of Nicaragua? Even *NR* speaks of "President Ortega." Who elected him? Dictator Ortega would be a more accurate appellation.

E. J. Stanton
Flossmoor, Ill.

FYI

Please correct D. Keith Mano's "Jury-Duty Journal" ["Books, Arts, & Manners," Nov. 20]. There has to be something missing between the end of the text on page 65 and the continuation on page 70. As a court monitor for Mothers Against Drunk Driving, I cannot possibly do without the entire text.

Karen L. Lamson
Slippery Rock, Pa.

The missing line reads: "pompous as Gibraltar baboons. This . . ."

The McLaughlin Gripe

John McLaughlin's "Come Out of the Wings, Mr. Reagan" [Dec. 4] was indigestible for any conservative. The idiocy of claiming that the disastrous INF treaty is a great opportunity for a Reagan comeback should be obvious; I must be reading the wrong conservative literature. Your editorial rebutting McLaughlin ["The INF 'Process'"] is too weak, considering your earlier opposition to the treaty.

Arthur Sharron
Encino, Calif.

Cassandra

Because of the lag between the November 29 dateline of my article "The Election That Wasn't" and its appearance in the January 22 NATIONAL REVIEW, some updating was needed; but my corrections ran afoul of the Christmas holiday and were not included.

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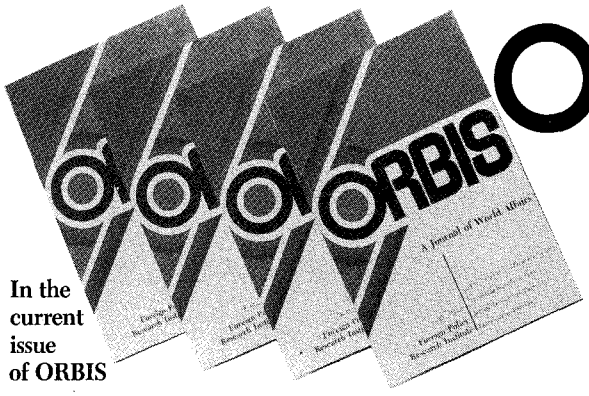

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Most of them were of minor importance, but in the final paragraph I ventured to predict that unless Haiti's military government could swallow its Duvalierist pride and support a respectable candidate, the outcome would be regarded by the disfranchised public as a charade. Such a candidate, I concluded, might be (if the four front-runners of November refused to participate) Thomas Desulmé, Leslie Manigat, or Dr. Ralph Bazin.

Selden Rodman
Oakland, N.J.

Yale and Tradition

I find Jeffrey Hart's reply to Yale grad John Brewer, in regard to the moral debate over homosexuality ["Show Opening in New Haven," Nov. 20], most inadequate. Citing a historical "consensus" is not an argument at all. With an attitude like that, civilizations would have never abandoned slavery, astrology, or virgin sacrifice. Conservatism is not about "norms," as Mr. Hart asserts. Not only does this fly in the face of Russell Kirk's tenet that a conservative philosophy is one of "affection for the proliferating variety and mystery of human existence," but, interestingly, it stands in stark contrast to Richard John Neuhaus's column in the same issue on "Making the World Safe for Difference."

A principled conservative is one who, upon examining the arguments over how society is to be shaped, concludes that most of society's current values are worth conserving and defending. A steadfast opposition to any and all change is the mark of a dogmatist, not a conservative. Frankly, I don't regard the moral argument against homosexuality as so compelling that the case should be considered closed. If Mr. Hart wishes to make a moral argument against homosexuality, he had better do more than assume the role of a cranky old codger muttering, "It's always been done that way."

Mark E. Pietrzyk
Champaign, Ill.

The overwhelming consensus against homosexuality, extending over centuries and common to many cultures, is not something that can be laughed off with nonsense about astrology, etc. The consensus, moreover, is rooted in the perception that the family is the best vehicle for raising children and transmitting the culture to the future. If Mr. Pietrzyk did not discern a moral argument against homosexuality in my "Ivory Foxhole," I suggest that he try reading it again. And conservatism is about, among other things, norms. —JH

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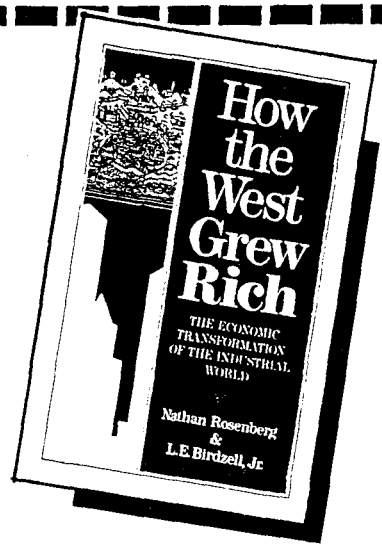

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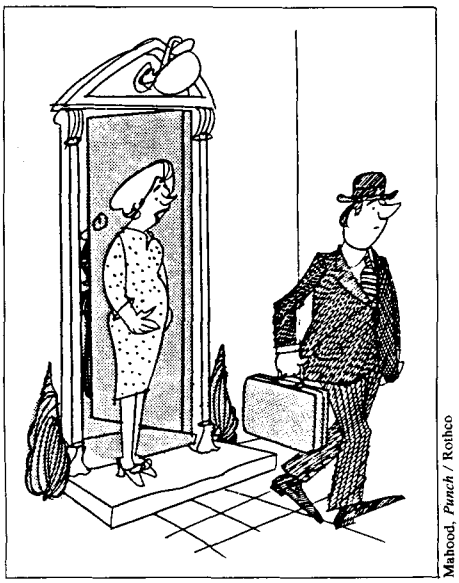
FOR THE RECORD

Bushwhacked? In last week's *New Yorker* **Elizabeth Drew** says **George Bush** told her that he has yet to be convinced SDI will work, and that he disclosed his feelings about this to **Gorbachev**. Not true, said Bush spokesman **Stephen Hart**, after **Jack Kemp** said that if it were true he would be "stunned" and "shocked" at Bush's failure to understand the importance to U.S. security of the Space Shield. . . . Kemp's camp elated last week by New Hampshire poll showing him at 15 per cent, up from 8 a few weeks earlier, and just eight points behind **Dole** (23). . . . On Democratic side, Sen. **Paul Simon**, whose campaign was hard hit by **Gary Hart**'s re-entry, is taking Herculean measures to score in Iowa; he's got 150 staffers working there. . . . Democratic Iowa State Chairman **Bonnie Campbell** doesn't think Hart is much of a threat. She told **Mary McGrory**: "The people who go to caucuses in the cold are people who care about policy and the party. They don't throw away a vote." Mrs. Campbell thinks it was name recognition that put Hart at top of recent *Des Moines Register* poll. . . . While **Robert Strauss** is unlikely to endorse any Democratic candidate in near future, say **Evans & Novak**, he has been "talking up" Sen. **Albert Gore** "around the nation and with fellow Texans." Gore has lined up big string of endorsements by influential Southern politicians, despite his 13 per cent ACU rating. . . . One Alabama state senator told *Human Events*: "Gore's the one man in the race who can keep white Democrats in our primary, and convince them not to cross over for a Jack Kemp or Bob Dole, and thereby stop **Jesse Jackson** in the South." . . . It was thanks but no thanks from an alarmed Speaker **Jim Wright** when Jackson said on *Face the Nation* that Wright had "grown so much as a political servant" he might make a suitable running-mate. . . . Last week Jackson received endorsement of Communist Party. **Angela Davis** praised him for articulating "the most advanced positions on virtually all the issues." . . . When asked in a **David Frost** interview which world leaders most impressed him, Jackson picked three from left field: Gorbachev ("a very astute man"), Zimbabwean President **Robert Mugabe** ("a scientific Marxist . . . with steel nerves"), and Zambian President **Kenneth Kaunda** ("a very spiritual leader, very profound, quite intellectual").



Mahood, *Punch* / Rothco

"Whatever you do, try not to irritate Iran!"

Does **Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo** think the Sandinistas are abiding by the **Arias** peace plan? Absolutely not. Since creation of the National Reconciliation Commission (which he heads), says the Cardinal, "a vast range of human-rights violations has been reported, ranging from physical and psychological tortures to atrocious murders and including persecutions, unjust imprisonments, refusal to obey the Supreme Court, abuses of authority, killings of peasants, harassments, mistreatment of prisoners, kidnappings perpetrated by state security agents, the existence of secret prisons, etc., etc." . . . Says **Ronald Reagan**: The Sandinistas "have no intention" of instituting the greater political freedom mandated in the peace plan. . . . In the November *Playboy*, **Daniel Ortega** is quoted: "What I would really like to be doing is what **Che** [**Guevara**] did . . . going on to other lands to struggle." Guevara, a **Castro** colleague, was captured and shot while trying to lead an insurrection in Bolivia in the Sixties. . . . In neighboring El Salvador, Radio Venceremos claims guerrillas of the **Farabundo Martí** National Liberation Front killed 7,400 Salvadoran soldiers in 1987, up 23 per cent over the 1986 figure.

The Right in Action: Regnery Gateway has brought out *American Citizen Reader's Catalogue*, a comprehensive listing of usual and out-of-the-mainstream books of interest to conservatives: from **Paul Johnson** to Father **Jerzy Popieluszko**. Available on request from Regnery Gateway, Inc., 1130 17th St., N.W., Suite 620, Washington, D.C. 20036. . . . **Michail Makarenko**'s Resistance International was particularly active in publicizing non-*glasnost* aspects of Soviet Union during Summit. Did you know there are 12.2 million prisoners in Gulag in third year of Gorbachev's reign, up from 3.3 million in **Khrushchev**'s day? Address: P.O. Box 70265 S.W., Washington, D.C. 20024. . . . **Chris Long** is succeeding **Steve Baldwin** as executive director of Young Americans for Freedom. Baldwin, who had much to do with resuscitation of YAF, will run for California Assembly in 80th assembly district. . . . Heritage Foundation has awarded **Robert Bork Jr.** a fellowship to write a book on his father's failure to win Senate confirmation to Supreme Court. Bork Jr. is on Business desk of *U.S. News*. . . . On the Left: Dartmouth's tuition-supported feminist magazine *Womyn's Re/view* has gone all-out lesbian; is on par, taste-wise, with *Hustler*.

Vive la différence: When the Nazis tried to re-Germanize Alsace-Lorraine during WW II they even forbade the wearing of berets. When the French took those provinces back after VE-Day they ran ads saying: "It is chic to speak French."

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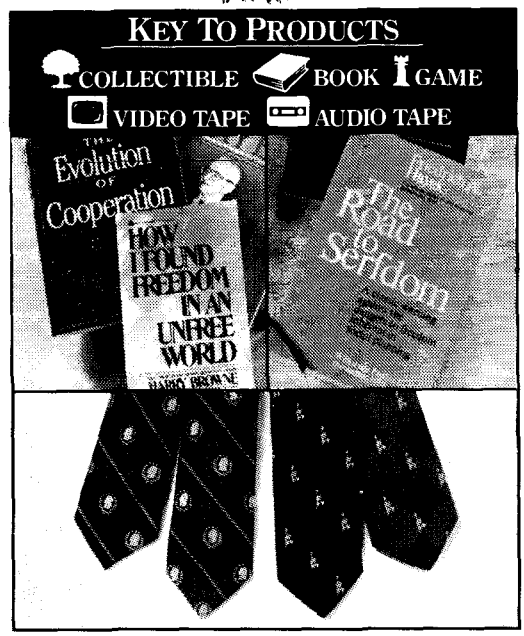

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THE WEEK

☐ Is Gary Hart demeaning the electoral process? Hell, he's lowered the tone of adultery. Millions of men work hard to sustain mistresses in respectability, and this guy goes out on a boat called *Monkey Business* and makes a joke of the whole thing. Between AIDS and *Fatal Attraction*, 1987 was a bad year for infidelity anyway. Now it may never be the same.

☐ When the unemployment rate first dropped to 6 per cent, it was widely dismissed as a temporary statistical fluke. Now, after the market crash, unemployment has fallen to 5.8 per cent, testing the ingenuity of the Administration's perennial critics. The new story is that low unemployment is now a Bad Thing, because it makes the stock and bond markets worry about inflation (even though money is simultaneously said to be too tight). Higher unemployment, on this interpretation, would calm fears of inflation and thus lower interest rates and raise stock prices, and thus prevent recession, which is necessary to keep unemployment from rising. If you understand that, you may be ready for a promising career in economic journalism.

☐ The Michigan delegate-selection process in the GOP is like the Iowa delegate-selection process—precinct caucus, local conventions, state convention—only Michigan's began in 1986. The early start was arranged by local Bush forces hoping to give their man a head start. Then Pat Robertson did unexpectedly well in the early stages. Then the Robertson people and the Kemp people did a deal to freeze the Bush people out. Then some of the Kemp people did a deal with the Bush people to freeze Robertson out. Looks now as if the state convention, January 29 and 30, will be an even three-way split. That's assuming equal and opposite back-stabs from now till then. Fasten your seatbelt, and your chain-mail shirt.

☐ Of more than passing interest is columnist William Safire's up-front support for the candidacy of Jack Kemp: "On economics, the Bush-Dole policy is traditionalist, pragmatist; it will defend the lower tax rates at first, then cave in to cut the deficit without slowing spending, by raising sin taxes, then rates. The Kemp supply-side commitment to cut taxes to stimulate growth is sincere; he's done it before with Kemp-Roth, he'd do it again as President. . . . Of the three, Mr. Kemp would be likeliest to preserve 'Star Wars' testing, and to put Jeane Kirkpatrick at the head of State."

☐ The Reagan Administration has come forward with the worst new idea of the new year: the creation of a Cabinet-level Secretary of Veterans' Affairs. That is, one more bureaucracy, one more mobilized pressure group, still more spending. We hope the idea is a joke, but it's not very funny, and hurts Mr. Reagan's record for first-rate humor.

☐ A recent *Newsweek* cover featured photographs of 24 AIDS victims, arranged around a banner headline: THE FACE OF AIDS. Some readers were surprised to see, not a motley roundup of homosexuals, IV-drug users, and Haitians, but—children, elderly women, mothers, servicemen, athletes, stout American burghers. In other words, a portrait of Middle America in two dozen black-and-white snapshots: one of the more subtle offensives in the current media campaign to convince America that AIDS is a disease not of the margin, but of the middle—not of "them," but of "us." But now a Washington-based think-tank has called the media's bluff. Studying tapes of more than a hundred TV nightly news programs broadcast between June 1 and October 11, 1987, researchers at the Center for Media and Public Affairs have come up with these numbers: Only 9 per cent of AIDS victims featured in television newscasts were identified as homosexuals—compared to 73 per cent of the national population of AIDS victims. Only 9 per cent of AIDS victims on TV were black or Hispanic—compared with 39 per cent nationally. Not one television victim was identified as an IV-drug user—again, notwithstanding that 20 per cent of AIDS victims came by it via dirty needles. That doesn't mean the need for a cure is any less urgent. It does mean that certain kinds of scare-talk are being cynically used.

☐ Harry Beck may be about to go down in history, the victor in a Supreme Court "landmark" decision. A former telephone repairman, he is suing the powerful Communications Workers of America for using

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE PRE-SEASON warmups are over. With the Iowa caucuses next month, the race for the Presidency of the United States begins in earnest. How well did the candidates do in 1987? What should they do in 1988 to improve their performance? The collective street wisdom here suggests the following:

George Bush: B+. Hailed as the GOP's inevitable nominee, Bush should have been the undisputed front-runner by the end of 1987. He dominates Republican fundraising, and has a lock on early endorsements from Republican leaders high and low. But Mr. Bush's campaign is stronger than his candidacy, and the goofs and gaffes that have plagued his political career continue—for example, his remark that Soviet mechanics could teach blue-collar workers in Detroit how to keep machinery humming. Yet, Bush has managed to dodge Iran-Contra flak from Democrats and Republicans alike by means of debate performances that have been far stronger than expected. Erosion to Dole has been slight. What Bush must do now is display the kind of steel he showed to moderator Jim Gannon during the January 8 Iowa debate.

Bob Dole: A-. If this were a simple contest between George Bush and Bob Dole—instead of between the Vice President and Senator Dole over who will succeed President Reagan—Dole would not be an underdog. But the Senate Minority Leader has had a tough time, especially in debates, maintaining a platform balance: he is either too acerbic or too subdued. What Dole needs for 1988 is a vision of where he would take the country. Voters are looking to him for more than an accountant's answer, and Dole has yet to show he understands this.

Alexander Haig: C. Haig's candidacy has not been taken seriously by any but a handful of supporters. Despite his attempts to talk straight—to get away from Haig-speak—voters don't take him seriously. If the messenger is not credible, even the most telling message is not heeded. And, without a political background, only great wartime generals (Grant, Eisenhower) seem able to catapult themselves into the Presidency. What's worse, Haig's message of America-in-collapse is off-putting. In 1988 Haig will prove yet again that the best path to the Presidency is politics.

Jack Kemp: C+. Quarterback Kemp fumbled in the pre-season, perhaps fatally. His campaign suffers from money woes (although he has raised more money than any Democrat save Dukakis). So where has Kemp gone wrong? His debate performances are the key. His ideas, proposals, theses, preconditions are machine-gunned at the audience relentlessly, but the impact is less than the sum of its parts. The impression left is that the candidate wants to dazzle instead of enlighten, suggesting immaturity or even insecurity, either of which is deadly to a presidential contender. The carping of the New Right hurt Kemp, as did its flirtation with Paul Laxalt, Pat Buchanan, and Jeane Kirkpatrick. To stay in the race, Kemp will need to exploit a third-place showing in New Hampshire with a stunning media blitz of the Southern tier. Fewer adjectives, qualifications, citations, and conditions in his platform argumentation would help his public presentation of himself.

Pete du Pont: B+. If du Pont performs as well in the spring season as he did in the pre-campaign, he'll be a favored draft choice for 1992. Du Pont has turned a longshot campaign into a serious presentation, and will perform much better than expected in the early primaries. Only the unlikely collapse of *both* Bush and Dole would give du Pont a serious chance in 1988, but this rookie is headed for stardom.

Pat Robertson: C. The preacher-*cum*-politician is trying to do two contradictory things: to mobilize his evangelical base in a mass uprising against the GOP establishment (especially in caucus states, but also in primary states where GOP insiders fight back by rigging rules) and, at the same time, to reach beyond his congregation by presenting himself as a successful, bottom-line businessman. Robertson did well in 1987 by using the electronic pulpit as a springboard for politics, and his debate style has been reassuringly un-fire-and-brimstone. But Robertson's claim to business success has to be considered in light of the tax-exempt world he has operated in. Also, the stretch between his two totally different political bases (moderates and evangelicals) will cause his candidacy to snap in 1988. This rookie is headed for the sidelines.

In the next issue, the disarrayed Democrats. —CATO

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his required donations to it for political purposes of which he disapproves. "The union used my money to cancel out my vote," Beck says. It has emerged that the CWA uses as much as 79 per cent of the "agency fees" it collects for purposes extraneous to collective bargaining. Beck has pursued his case for 12 years, and has won every court battle. Now, he's in the finals.

□ Paterson, N.J., high-school principal Joe Clark is a national treasure and, therefore, in danger of losing his job. A black, he insists upon pride, discipline, and classroom achievement, and he actually expels drug pushers and thugs who hang around the school for years without any intention of graduating. He's a hero to President Reagan, to William Bennett, and to Gary Bauer, Assistant to the President for Policy Development. Bauer has offered him a White House post if he's fired for doing a good job in New Jersey. Joe Clark says thanks, but he is "trying to hang in there because it is important to the kids." Keep an eye on this one. Joe Clark is one of the growing number of black figures who are trying to fight their way free from the coils of ideological egalitarianism. The elevation of teaching standards, which cannot be accomplished without the restoration of discipline, is a black cause, however inchoate.

□ When Maine voters rejected an anti-nuke referendum last November, by a landslide 59 to 41 per cent, it marked the 13th ballot victory by nuclear power in the last 12 years. Anti-nuke forces have failed in California, Arizona, Colorado, Montana, Oregon

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(twice), Ohio, Washington, Maine (three times), and Missouri (twice). Seven of these referenda occurred in 1976; the other six were post-Three Mile Island. The best anti-nuke showing was 45 per cent (six years ago, in Maine). Despite TMI, Chernobyl, and the attendant scare headlines; despite a dozen-year jihad in the press and a long march through the courts and the bureaucracy—despite all this, when average voters get the chance, they vote in favor of nuclear power.

☐ The Soviets have announced a new policy granting legal rights to patients involuntarily committed to psychiatric wards. In 1983 the Soviets, who for more than two decades had been using the loony bin to lock up individuals with "paranoid delusions of reforming society," withdrew from the World Psychiatric Association rather than face expulsion for psychiatric malpractice. Given the Soviets' track record in the matter of granting rights promised on paper, the new changes may not mean much. But on paper they look good: giving psychiatric inmates the right to appeal; making the commitment of a healthy person a criminal offense; placing the notorious "special" psychiatric clincs under the authority of the Health Ministry rather than the Interior Ministry. At least the allegedly crazy now have some rights in the USSR. If only as much could be said of the legally sane.

☐ Margaret Thatcher has now been prime minister of England longer than anyone else in the twentieth century. Her mentor Keith Joseph sums up as the reason for her success "the rejection of the ratchet argument" —meaning roughly that she has refused to accept collectivist measures as irreversible. She has been willing to "turn back the clock," if the clock meant a socialist future. This has put her at odds with Tory "wets," the British counterparts of Republican "moderates"—people who might be described as reluctant progressives and slow-motion leftists, having no principled quarrel with the Left. It also makes her interesting, makes her a winner, and will make her legacy last. (Quick: Who was Britain's last Tory PM before Mrs. Thatcher, and what difference did he make?)

☐ A New Jersey man did what millions only dream of: he shot his personal computer. He left nothing to chance either, wasting the beast with eight dum-dum (hollow point) rounds from a .44. Evidently computercide is a crime in those parts. He was arrested.

☐ A vast toxic effluvium, thought by many to be caused by the reconvening of Congress and of numerous state legislatures, is moving down the nation's waterways, threatening drinking water and killing marine life in large coastal areas of the Atlantic Ocean.

☐ Speaking of which, in the last thirty years, the verbiage of the tax code has tripled, the number of IRS employees has doubled, taxes have umptupled, and the Seven Dwarfs are still allowed to go free.

☐ "I hold my nose and vote for a lot of things around here," said Representative William Lehman (D., Fla.), explaining, on behalf of the vast majority in Congress, everything you've ever known or feared about Washington, D.C.

The First String

THE REPUBLICAN debate two weeks ago in Des Moines was only the third of many such encounters, but it will be the last before the Iowa caucuses February 8. It was thus a major event in a crucial contest.

George Bush and Bob Dole spent their time before, during, and after the debate sniping at each other. Dole's main weapon in isolationist Iowa is Bush's role in Iran-Contra. Bush defended himself at the debate by attacking, not Dole, but the sponsor of the event, the *Des Moines Register*, which had devoted a long story that morning to rehashing old speculations. The Republican audience whooped, always game for a little *Register*-bashing. (Isn't it interesting, by the way, that when the local paper is right-wing, like the *Manchester Union Leader*, its politics always figure in national press accounts of the local scene. When it's a Hive outpost like the *Register*, they never do. Why notice the old familiar hum?) Bush counterattacked by proposing that all candidates reveal their income-tax returns for the last ten years—a stratagem designed to show that the man from Russell, Kansas, is no more salt-of-the-earth than the man from Greenwich, Connecticut.

These were the game plans of front-runners, men who have decided that no one else in the field matters. Behind them, the back-runners loped on. Alexander Haig took every opportunity he decently could—and a few he could take only indecently—to stick it to George Bush. Pete du Pont counterpunched ably; when Pat Schroeder, the Democratic guest questioner, praised his "moderate" House voting record of 15 years ago, and asked what happened, he answered that he had become a governor, and learned that budgets had to do more than just "look good."

Pat Robertson sailed through another event unscathed. When Mrs. Schroeder tried to pin odd statements from his years as a TV preacher on him, he replied with dignity that religion was a private matter; *he* was running for President. Robertson correctly senses the bias implicit in such questions: can anyone imagine an atheist, or a Hindu, being grilled in such a manner? Still, he must face the fact that, since he has no political experience whatsoever, preaching is the only thing in his past people have to go on.

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Jack Kemp turned in his best performance so far, perhaps the best of the evening. He was concise and clear, and forbore from giving a history of economics as an answer to every question.

Intellectually, the split between the experienced and the evangelists persisted. Bush, Dole, and Haig push what they have done; Kemp, du Pont, and Robertson, what they hope to do. Within the latter group Robertson and Kemp define a temperamental polarity. Robertson is a grim politician, stressing the country's "incredible problems"—drugs, crime, AIDS, divorce, failing education. Kemp is cloudless sunshine, holding up America "as an example not just for this time, but for all time to come."

Another thing that persists is the difference in sheer political stature between this crowd and the crew that followed them to Des Moines a week later. In this the Republicans are helped by the fact that, being on the popular wavelength, they can speak frankly. The Democrats can hardly *say* they will raise taxes, and deal out wholesale favors to blacks, women, and homosexuals. So they speak in shallow and boring evasions.

It's a phenomenon so obvious that Michael Kinsley, the Beltway's premier liberal pulse-taker, fingered and pronounced phony the "gravitas gap" separating the Democrats and the GOP. Wrong again, Kinsley. This was the first string; the Democrats have the bum show, and we suspect that you know this. The voters will so rule come November.

Trashing the Crash

THE YEAR OPENED with the dollar, stocks, and bonds up. But on January 8, the market suddenly dropped 140 points. "Traders were uneasy about the recommendations of the presidential commission studying the market's October plunge," noted the *New York Times*; "a government-commissioned study proposing sharp restraints on stock trading seemed to fuel the rout." There is some irony in a report on a stock-market crash causing another crash in the stock market. Yet it reveals, once again, the inherent wisdom of people investing their own money, compared with experts who merely wish to regulate the past.

There is much to admire in the Brady report on the October crash, but there is also much to terrify the markets. One might expect a government-appointed group to absolve the government, blaming everything on private investors. Yet the Brady report found good reasons for stocks to fall—the House Ways and Means Committee proposal to put a tax penalty on takeovers, for example, and the new Treasury-Fed willingness to let the dollar fall, provoking a flight from U.S. bonds. Commenting on the fashionable comparisons with 1929, the task force also explained that the Great Depression was accompanied by "misguided policies, such as the Smoot-Hawley tariff . . . and the tax increase in the summer of 1932." Presumably, they did not mean to suggest that investors have no reason to fear similar policies today.

What spoiled the Brady report, and thus spooked the markets, was the implicit support for greater regulation of financial markets. It even seemed a bit petty, with task-force members from a mutual fund and an investment group using the forum to criticize, in ways the press easily penetrated, rivals at Wells Fargo and Fidelity. (If Dreyfus held as much stock as Fidelity, its customers would have forced it to sell more too.) The task force is surely right that "portfolio insurance," which was supposed to limit losses in a downturn, induced a lot of big institutions to be too sanguine at first; then they all tried to jump out at the same time. But there is no need for government to do anything about that, since the whole scheme has fallen into disuse because it didn't work.

The Brady report also proposes similar margin requirements on stocks, options, and futures. Scary stuff. Everyone took that to mean that investors in options and futures would have to put up half the price in cash, as investors in stocks do. That would be like a huge tax on contracts to buy or sell stocks in the future. The effect would be to move the entire options and futures market to, say, London or Singapore, which is reason enough for the market to drop. But, as Nicholas Brady later hinted, it could just as well mean *reducing* the margin requirement on stocks, to reduce the artificial advantage given to large, leveraged investors in the options and futures markets.

The biggest shortcoming of the Brady report is that it emphasized domestic explanations for what was, after all, an international market collapse. The *Journal of Commerce* recently conducted a worldwide survey of the Association of Political Risk Analysts. These

Uncle Sam, Mechanic

What Marx designed and Lenin drove away
Sits cranked up on its axles for repair
While Gorbachev, who has no AAA,
Kicks at the toolbox and the flaccid spare.
At this point from the land of laissez-faire
Come useful idiots down on their luck,
Who sense he'd love to tool around somewhere,
While sensing, also, ways to make a buck.
Although Cassandras, in their fashion, cluck,
Joint ventures germinate like Dubcek's Spring
As businessmen behave like Daffy Duck,
Intent on everything except the sting.
We could let rusting Russian heaps alone,
But that would make them weep and Wall St. groan.

W. H. VON DREELE

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experts agreed that the biggest risk to global prosperity is *not* Latin American debt, African AIDS, Mideastern turmoil, or even Soviet imperialism. Instead, they said, "the world's biggest risks of 1988 hang on the results of the United States presidential election."

Senator Moynihan launched yet another presidential commission on the economy in the recent budget compromise; the commission is to report a few months after the next President takes office. Unless there is at least one Reaganite on it (which is more balance than we usually see), its report is sure to drop the market by a lot more than 140 points.

Win, Place, and Show

ONCE AGAIN Ronald Reagan tops the Gallup Poll's list of most admired men. Pope John Paul II finished second, with Gary Hart and Jesse Jackson breathing down the Pontiff's neck, tied for third. And Mikhail Gorbachev tied with Lee Iacocca for eighth, a notch ahead of Jimmy Carter.

With this list, opinion polling approaches the *reductio ad absurdum*. With all due respect to the President, how many Americans really admire him more than anyone else? He is, rather, the best known of public figures who are seen in a positive light. And in the same way, few Americans can seriously think Gorbachev a better man than Carter; but his name is in the news, and it comes to mind at the moment in a way Carter's doesn't.

There is something profoundly inane about tabulating off-the-cuff responses to dumbish questions and then presenting the composite result as a portrait of what "we" think. Is there a single human being in America who admires Gary Hart *nearly* as much as the Pope? A lot more or a lot less, maybe. But *nearly* as much? Impossible. The silliness comes of trying to quantify incommensurables, which is what the phantom of "public opinion" is usually about.

More on the Duke

MICHAEL DUKAKIS's actions as governor of Massachusetts contradict his claims to be good for anyone's economy. In his first term as governor, in the Seventies, he imposed a 7.5 per cent income surtax as a "temporary" measure to "balance the budget." As is typical of such "temporary" measures, it became firmly entrenched; finally, however, in 1986 it was repealed under threat of a ballot initiative. Dukakis opposed that repeal (as he had opposed Proposition 2½) until its passage was guaranteed, and then stalled its implementation. When the implementation finally began, the state was left with $75 million it had already collected and had to return. Dukakis tried (and failed) to redistribute the cash, rather than simply giving each taxpayer what he had overpaid. Meanwhile, he was systematically underestimating state revenues by $160 million in order to justify an attempted $222-million increase in state fees (auto registration, etc.). Massachusetts Citizens for Limited Taxation had the real figures; the Dukakis administration eventually "found" the missing revenue and dropped the fee increase.

Even without Dukakis's maneuvers, state revenues have been rising about 12 per cent each year during the boom, and the governor has been spending every dime. Expenditures had dropped 1 per cent in constant dollars under his predecessor, conservative Democrat Edward King, while they have jumped more than 30 per cent in real terms under the Duke. One major source of new spending has been the 29,000 state- and local-government jobs added in the last four years—one apparent source of the Dukakis campaign's renowned "organizational strength."

In short, in the words of James M. Howell, chief economist of the Bank of Boston, "The Baptists will have air-conditioned Hell before the business community sees [Dukakis] as pro-business."

A Certain Disarray

The GOP's a-splintering
  As Ron and Nancy fade
And all the other think-I-cans
  Come chugging up the grade.
A mullah rides in Bush's car;
  Kemp's whistle doesn't blow.
Pat's due in court, and Dole acts like
  King Kong in Concord's snow.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Afghan Pullout Ploy

WHEN, AT THE Geneva "proximity talks" last fall, Soviet and Afghan Communist officials offered a timetable of 12 months "or less" for a total pullout of Soviet troops from Afghanistan, the pundits told us that Mikhail Gorbachev's aim was to extricate the Soviet Union from an unwinnable war. There was only one small condition: the Soviet pullout would be tied to an end to Western aid to the resistance.

Returning from year-end talks in Kabul, Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze told reporters that U.S. and Soviet negotiators had agreed that a Soviet withdrawal and U.S. aid cutoff would take effect sixty days after approval of a Geneva draft treaty. The future Afghan government, he said, should be based on the "broadest" of political coalitions, "in which no one will claim the monopoly to power." He

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hinted that it might even include the former king, Zahir Shah, allegedly acceptable to all interested parties.

On January 11, *Pravda* elaborated: The Soviets might approve a Geneva agreement by March 1 and pull out some troops on May 1—provided the U.S. and others cut off aid to the Afghan resistance as soon as the withdrawal *began* (and imposed no further conditions for the pullout). This was apparently *Pravda*'s response to Secretary of State George Shultz's January 7 announcement that U.S. military aid to the resistance would end once the Soviet troops began to withdraw, provided the withdrawal was "front-end loaded." Shultz reaffirmed the goal of an independent Afghanistan but gave no specifics on the form of a new government.

Where does the United States really stand? President Reagan's official policy—he restated it after the December Summit—is that U.S. aid to the resistance will end only when all Soviet troops have withdrawn and a genuinely independent government is in place in Afghanistan.

But as so often happens, the State Department seems to have its own policy. The same State faction that helped produce the "fatally flawed" (Reagan's words) Arias peace plan in August is now prepared to accept the Geneva draft treaty. Under Secretary of State Michael Armacost and his colleagues regard the treaty—though Reagan has never approved it and it makes an ultimate Soviet victory more likely—as though it reflected U.S. policy. Indeed, a deputy assistant secretary of state, Robert Peck, admitted to Senator Gordon Humphrey that State had accepted this agreement without even *informing* the President.

Once again State is taking the bait of a false political settlement with the Soviets and their allies, despite monitory precedents from Yalta to Laos and Vietnam. If Gorbachev succeeds in bringing about an immediate end to Western aid by his offer of a protracted troop withdrawal—with no clear way for the U.S. to monitor remaining troop levels or detect secret reintroductions of troops—Moscow and Kabul will then try to divide and demoralize the resistance, which is split between groups seeking a secular monarchy and those advocating a new Islamic regime. (This is why the Soviets have already raised the contentious issue of King Zahir Shah's role.) Visible disunity among those groups would weaken support for them in the West and in Pakistan—and allow the Soviets to finish the job of consolidating power in Kabul, securing through diplomatic legerdemain what they couldn't accomplish by military force alone.

Moscow and Kabul have already decided that the Afghan Communist Party will in fact rule, holding on to the prime ministership and the ministries controlling the army, secret police, education, and the media. The Soviets may also revert to the "broad front" approach they used in 1980, employing ostensibly non-Communist partners.

This scenario can still be avoided, but only if Ronald Reagan clearly reaffirms his policy on Afghanistan—and sees that his State Department gets the message this time.

Israel's Dilemma

When Israel captured the Golan Heights, the West Bank, and the Gaza Strip in June 1967, it was considered unthinkable both in Tel Aviv and abroad that the occupied territory would remain in Israeli hands more than a few months. Israel's leaders were confident that the occupation would provide leverage for a deal with the Arabs—land for peace—that would reward Israel for its stunning victory in the Six Day War.

Twenty years later the Israeli occupation continues; except with Egypt, the land-for-peace deal has remained elusive. The recent violent disturbances in the occupied territories underscore the almost insoluble dilemma Israel faces. If the occupation is made permanent, through annexation of the West Bank and other territories, then Israel will suddenly add one and a half million Palestinian Arabs to its population. The total Arab population of Israel would soon outnumber the Jewish population. If all those Palestinians were eventually granted rights of citizenship, it would mean the end of Israel as a Jewish state—its raison d'être since 1948.

On the other hand, Israel has no easy way of ending the occupation. Israel's Arab neighbors, if such

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Carlucci, East of Suez

At sheikdoms on the Gulf, he gave
  The glad eye and the manly shake,
Insisting that we'd never cave,
  Though indicating we must take
A battleship and flattop back
  Because, what with the dollar, it's
Hell operating in the black
  While liberals keep throwing fits.

W. H. VON DREELE

they can be called, are not prepared to discuss any exchange of land for peace. Sadat's fate does not encourage King Hussein. Withdrawing from the occupied territories outright or allowing the creation of an independent Palestinian state is adamantly opposed by Israel's Likud Party and by many in the Labor Party, who view such a course as eventually undermining Israeli security. That may seem improbable to outside observers who see Israel as a regional superpower and the Palestinians as an impoverished, broken people whose only remaining weapon is an ultimately ineffectual terrorism. But to Israelis, who live in a narrow finger of land about the size of New Jersey, the conviction is widespread that Israel's first lost war will be its last. All threats to security, however distant, are viewed as life-threatening. Over forty years later, the Holocaust understandably looms large in the Israeli psyche.

The violence of the past few weeks has polarized the political scene in Israel and made it obvious that the status quo cannot go on. The increasing activism of the Palestinians in the occupied territories makes the search for short-term fixes urgent. But the demographic vitality of the Palestinian population—which is growing at a much faster rate than Israel's own—means that trying to postpone hard decisions will only make the dilemma worse.

In short, Israel's real problem is not how much force is appropriate in the West Bank and Gaza. It is whether any amount of force can loose a Gordian knot tied by twenty years of military occupation. More and more obviously, the answer is no.

Sneaky, Sneaky

RUPERT MURDOCH counts, among his journalistic holdings, two television stations, one in Boston and one in New York, and two newspapers—the *Boston Herald* and the *New York Post*—in the same cities. Since federal rules prevent common ownership of a TV station and a newspaper in the same market, Murdoch has been operating in Boston and New York under a waiver. In the year-end rush to cobble together a budget resolution, Senator Fritz Hollings slipped in an amendment directing the Feds to grant no waivers. It looked like a bill of attainder against Murdoch, and, indeed, Hollings admitted that Murdoch was the target and that the inspiration for the midnight amendment was one of the *Herald*'s own favorite targets, Teddy Kennedy.

Several questions arise. The first is, *Cui bono?* Since Kennedy is left-liberal, and the *Herald* is moderate-conservative, the answer may seem obvious. But Kennedy is politically invulnerable in a state that is virtually a family fief. The *Herald* has been doing far more damage recently to Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, whose "economic miracle" it has exposed as a shell game. Did the Duke get Teddy to do his dirty work for him? As Joe Biden knows, it would not be the first spitball the Dukakis campaign has thrown.

What, secondly, is to become of public opinion in the nation's largest city? Murdoch has said that, while he will keep the *Herald*, he must sell the money-losing *Post*, since his New York TV station is the anchor for his new Fox Network. The *Post* is best known for headlines like HEADLESS BODY FOUND IN TOPLESS BAR. But it has also pursued stories that no other local, and few national, papers would touch (e.g., on John Zaccaro's friends and partners). New York and, to a lesser degree, the nation will be impoverished.

Finally, where have the press worshippers gone all of a sudden? There have been mutters and sputters, true, but none of the firestorms of indignation or the public readings from *Areopagitica* that would have occurred if, say, Jesse Helms had gored the *Boston Globe*.

Wake up, Teddy. This is the kind of thing that happens in Robert Bork's America.

Crack Kills

THE NEWS THAT a 17-year-old murdered five people expressly to raise the money necessary to keep him doped up on crack raises—yea, yet again—the question of appropriate public policy toward dope. Add to the 17-year-old the publication of the figures relating to New York State: now over 50 per cent of all residents of New York jails are there because of dope-related offenses.

What opponents of the proposal to release drugs into the market—along with intensive education on the dangers of drugs—never dwell on is the lack of progress being made in our war against drugs. A year ago the mayor of Miami, the Sears, Roebuck of the drug mall, said that his estimate was that 1 per cent of the drugs imported are stopped by the Feds. The 99 per cent that get through are then coveted by the addicts who are willing to steal and to kill in order to

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get them. The alternative would be to give them the drugs free, at a clinic. And to dispossess a criminal class. And to empty the crowded prisons. And to make safe (relatively) the streets of our cities.

But just as in some quarters any criticism of Israel is transformed into anti-Semitism, so any suggestion that drugs be licensed brings on the charge that one is soft on drugs. Drugs are killers. But it is better to kill only those who use them, than also those who do not.

GUEST EDITORIAL

Gorbachev's Glad Hand

WHAT A SUMMIT it was. I find myself both dazzled and disturbed, which is not surprising in a week in which Sam Donaldson was, in his comportment and his public pronouncements, to the right of Ronald Reagan.

But isn't Gorbachev incredible? He walks into a democracy and works the room like Mayor Curley. Here he is toasting us, mugging with the President and looking at his watch while they wait for the girls, working the crowds on the sidewalks downtown. He knows the words to "Moscow Nights"; he sang it in the East Room. He's a little like Lee Iacocca —he could sell you a Chrysler in a blunt, gruff five-years-or-fifty-thousand-miles sort of way. He looks like a retired hockey goalie hoisting a few with the meatloaf crowd on Monday night. He is as affable and competent as a funeral director in Lodi, N.J.

And I hate to bring a breathalyzer to the bottle party but: isn't all this a little horrible? Isn't Gorbachev, this wonderfully intelligent and canny man, isn't he getting us where we're most vulnerable—that point where high sentiment and mass media intersect?

Hitler said, If I had Hollywood I could rule the world. Gorbachev knows that by being human—by merely showing himself in front of the minicam as a human being with the usual amount of charm and humor and irritability; by merely being himself —he humanizes Communism. He humanizes what we choose to call his "system."

And he's done it so well we feel ungracious to point out the truth. But, you have heard of the Gulag, yes? Well he is the warden. You have heard of the toy bombs that the Afghan children pick up, and lose their hands? He is the foreman of the toy-bomb factory. You have read of the psychiatric prisons? He is the man in the white coat holding the needle. See those teeth? Those are bars Christians and Jews cannot get past.

Am I too graphic? I'm sorry. But Gorbachev is telling us who he is, not by how he looks but by what he says. In a speech after he signed the treaty he quoted Lenin—Lenin, the architect of the world's current disorder. At the Soviet dinner they sipped *borshch* under Lenin's gaze. Gorbachev burped and a dissident popped out and stood up to speak but was beaten to the ground by KGB agents, who charm our ghetto children with colorful little pins that do not explode.

Stalin loved to sing and Hitler loved to dance. When bad men humanize themselves and their systems it gives us a terrible case of cognitive dissonance; the next time they do something bad we will be surprised when we shouldn't be, and it will be harder to form a consensus than ever.

—PEGGY NOONAN

(On National Public Radio, Dec. 10, 1987)

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: Our readers
From: WFB

We happily make two announcements.

The first is the appointment of Mr. John O'Sullivan as "Editor." (I suppose it is appropriate to announce my simultaneous promotion to Editor-in-Chief.) The second is to announce the promotion of Miss Linda Bridges to Managing Editor.

Mr. O'Sullivan is a graduate of London University, where he took a Classics degree. He went into journalism as a parliamentary reporter for the *Daily Telegraph*. In due course he came to Washington to act as editor of the Heritage Foundation's *Policy Review*. He stayed in Washington for four years before returning to London to serve as assistant editor of the *Telegraph*. But then Rupert Murdoch persuaded him to return to New York to preside over the transformation of the *New York Post*'s editorial page (under Mrs. Schiff, the *Post* was left-of-center). After two years, Murdoch enticed O'Sullivan back to London to act as editor of the *Times*'s editorial page. But then Mrs. Thatcher, running for re-election, wanted a speechwriter, and Mr. O'Sullivan joined forces with Sir Ronald Millar to wage the campaign. After it was done, Mrs. T. asked him to stay on as a member of her think-tank for domestic affairs.

Mr. O'Sullivan will come aboard in July. Miss Bridges takes over from Richard Brookhiser with this issue. Mr. Brookhiser will continue as a Senior Editor, and will step up the volume of his political writing. He is currently writing a book on the 1988 presidential campaign.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In your October 9 issue, Joseph Sobran informs us that Thomas Sowell, who possesses perhaps the

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liveliest intellect in America today, has the persona of ". . . a put-upon Everyman, beset by liberal 'experts' who find countless excuses for taking his earnings."

In the November 6 issue, Maggie Gallagher tells us all about how she got stuck spending a day in a town full of overweight and uninteresting middle-class Americans.

You guys at NATIONAL REVIEW are getting to be so much better than the rest of us that I sometimes wonder why you bother with us at all.

Sincerely yours,
Thomas J. Adelsberger
Severn, Md.

Dear Mr. Adelsberger: Don't quite get your point. The first characterization is perfect for a scholar who always needs to fight uphill when releasing ideologically unpalatable findings. The second can hit anyone who happens mostly on overweight and uninteresting middle-class Americans. Remember, there would be no point in the qualifiers if it were true that all middle-class Americans are uninteresting and overweight. Right? . . . See how we care about you? Cordially,
WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Enclosed is an article from *PNPA Report*, a newsletter published for the Pennsylvania journalism community by the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association.

It needs no further comment from me.

In these times of anti-Bork shibboleths, this might be a nice way for your readers to see the reasons why many of us believe so strongly in the jurisprudence of original intent and judicial restraint . . . not to mention common sense.

Cordially,
Sean M. Duffy
Harrisburg, Pa.

COURT: TRANSVESTITES MAY BE CONSIDERED HANDICAPPED

The U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia has held that although homosexuals do not fit the statutory definition of handicapped employees, transvestites may be considered handicapped because many experience strong social rejection in the workplace.

A ten-year worker in a Federal Government agency was laid off as part of a reduction in the work force. He was later advised of a clerical position in another department and was interviewed for the job. He wore pants of a feminine style, a broad stretch belt, a frilly blouse, and had his hair in long braids. He was recommended for employment and asked to return for an interview with the second-level supervisor. After that interview, the supervisor canceled the vacancy and gave no reason for his action except that he had upgraded the job to a higher position. The employee sued under the Rehabilitation Act, claiming that he had been denied employment because of his transvestism. [Etc., etc.]

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re Richard Brookhiser's "Why Dole Can't Do It" [Dec. 4]—he forgot one major factor. The Democratic cross-over vote. Democratic? Yes, the Democrats have worshipped the Dole for years.

Truly,
Russ Shank
Waynesboro, Va.

Dear Mr. Shank: I dunno . . . Either my standards are slipping by publishing this, or yours are by writing it. Cordially,
WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Early this morning, whilst discussing with my husband which of us should take the garbage out, I realized that if said quickly enough, "garbage out" sounds much like Gorbachev. Can you tell me if there is any meaning in this?

Sincerely,
Patti Devlin
Lafayette, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Devlin: Sure. The hackers call it GIGO. As with computers, it is true of Summit conferences: Garbage In, Garbage Out. Cordially,
—WFB

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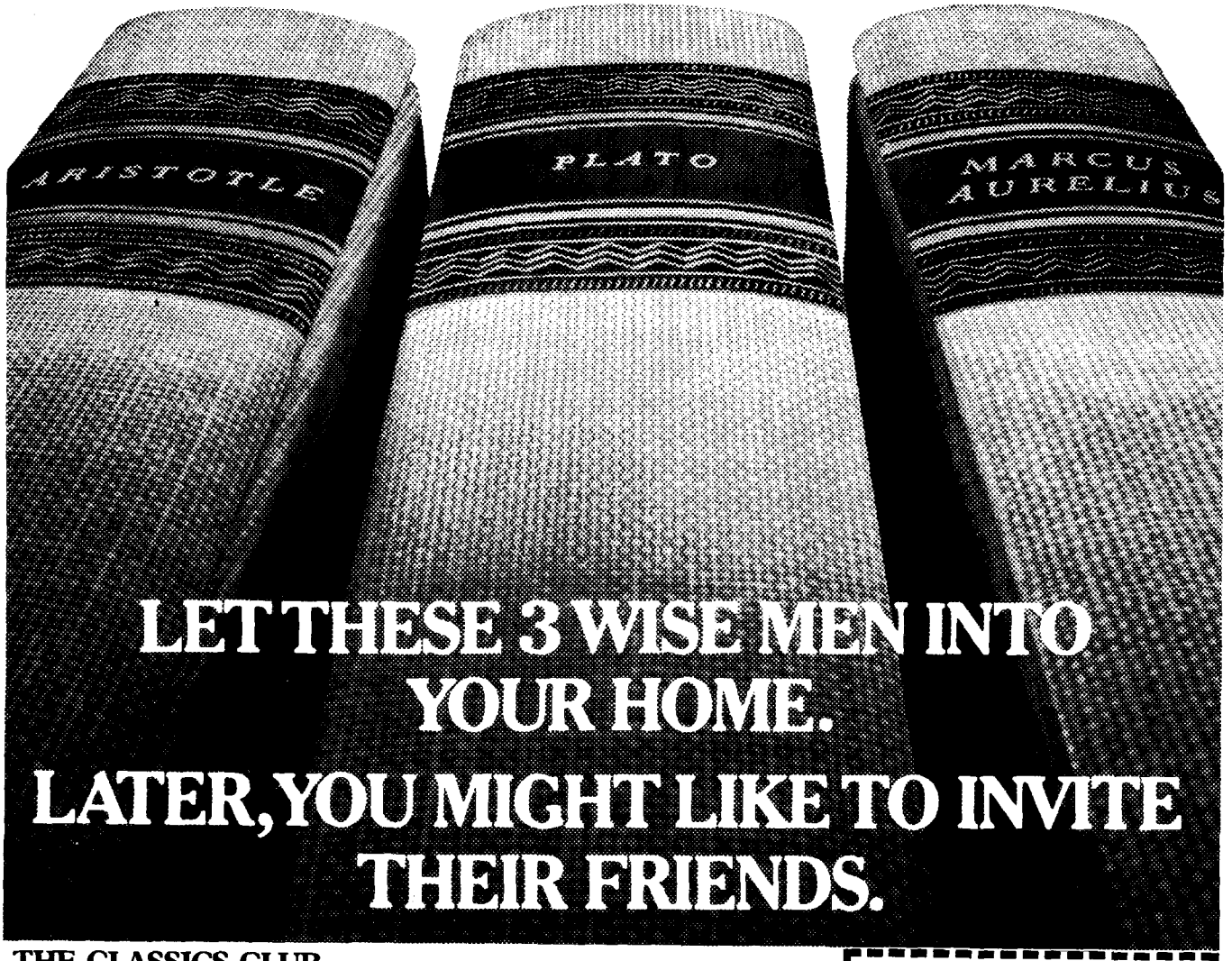

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POLITICAL WINTER BOOK

DON'T WRITE OFF Gary Hart. Despite Hart's negative ratings, and his drop in the presidential-preference polls from 60 per cent seven months ago to 30 per cent today, he is still politically formidable. With Hart's fundraising burden temporarily alleviated ($100,000 in hand, $900,000 likely before Super Tuesday), the former Colorado senator's challenge is to convert substantial grassroots support into an organization. Recall that Hart *is* today's Democratic front-runner. What he needs is to place at least third in Iowa and New Hampshire. If he can do that, Super Tuesday may be easier for him to survive than most pundits here currently allow.

Super Tuesday—the Southern regional primary on March 8—will badly split the Democrats. Jackson will do well, better than in 1984, because many runoff primaries that had been designed—as Jackson charged—to dilute the black vote have been eliminated. That siphoning off will leave a still-crowded field of Democratic contenders vying for and splitting the remaining Democratic votes. "Super Tuesday is more likely to have a muddling impact on the race than to produce a front-runner," says the editor of a Washington Democratic political newsletter.

Street wisdom discounts Hart because of the "character" factor: it will keep him, insiders feel, from being nominated, let alone elected. However, other candidates had best be wary of making the character issue central. Front-runners of both parties are skating on thin ice. Hart's principal Democratic challenger, for example, Michael Dukakis, has had to face sleaze charges of his own. His campaign staff tried to pin the release of the Joe Biden-Neil Kinnock videotape on the Gephardt staff—until it was revealed that the man who gave the tape to the press was Dukakis's campaign chairman and close political associate. That was true dirty trickery. Inasmuch as Hart is running against the media, the media's role in Biden's downfall makes a good point of entry for a Hart attack on Dukakis.

Nor is that the only dirty-tricks incident on Dukakis's record. For example, one of his gubernatorial campaigns in Massachusetts featured an audio tape that made fun of the handicapped wife of his opponent.

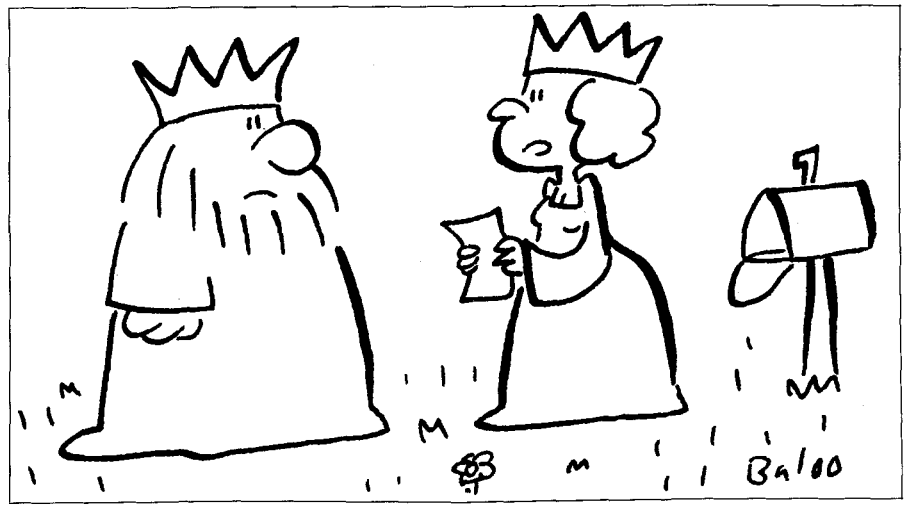
THE GOP has its problems, as well. Independent counsel Lawrence Walsh may hand down indictments in the Iran-Contra affair later this month that could damage the campaign of George Bush. The prospect of further harmful disclosures ought not to be discounted, as was shown by the press response to the release of that National Security Council computer file, which seemed to indicate that Bush knew of the diversion of funds.

While the Dole campaign may profit from any renewed controversy over Bush's Iran-Contra role, Dole has his own problems. His acerbic tongue has made him many enemies—remember the role he played in the 1976 campaign. As the race progresses, Dole's "dark side" could begin to show.

Also, as the primary season heats up, the second-tier contenders will start raising the character issue. Al Haig has already done so, trashing Bush for his reticence about his Iran-Contra role.

Then there is the ethics trial of former presidential aide Lyn Nofziger, which is just starting, and Michael Deaver's sentencing is now set for February. The Wedtech trials of Ed Meese's intimates Bob Wallach and investment counselor W. Franklyn Chinn are ahead, an uncertain shadow looming over the Attorney General. Given all these factors Gary Hart's resurrected candidacy may be less laughable than we think.

Whether this sleaze cloud (*cumulus sleazus*) will burst on the Republican or Democratic candidates, drenching—even drowning—their ambitions is anyone's guess. But the sleaze will be spread about, and could make Hart's sexual dalliance seem less damaging. During an early-January interview with Marvin Kalb, an audience at the JFK School of Government applauded Gary Hart's plaintive "I have broken no laws. I have not lied to Congress. I have not deceived the public. I have not shredded any papers, and no money changed hands." □



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KREMLIN SOLILOQUY

As Raisa says, jet lag is impartial, hitting capitalists and Marxist-Leninists alike. Still, it was worth it. Raisa upstaged Nancy, and they're saying I upstaged Ron. Imagine! In the White House, singing "Russian Nights."

My mentor, Yuri Vladimirovich, would have been proud of me—although he was no slouch himself. It takes genius for the former chairman of our Committee of State Security to get Western media people to believe he is at heart a "closet liberal." In another way, too, the old man was a genius: psychiatric treatment for "dissidents." But I think even he would admit that I've hit the big time, as our new capitalist friends would say. The Iron Lady herself said all the right things when we met for lunch on my way to the main citadel.

And now for the next phase.

I have to say it: I was right to listen to Ogarkov three years ago, when most of the old-timers didn't want to hear him. That's the trouble with us, with our system: we all agree on something, and that becomes the new orthodoxy, the new doctrine. Then technology moves on, and we're stuck with the old doctrine. We had the enemy camp where we wanted it with our SS-20s, but we didn't use our advantage fully, and Nikolai said so. He may have been crude and uncultured, but he was right, and I was one of the few who knew it—Chernenko wouldn't have recognized an idea if it had been served to him on a plate. Our propaganda services did a tremendous job in delaying the deployment of the cruise and Pershing missiles, and so did the CND in Britain, and all those peace groups, but you could tell, even in mid '84, that we'd lost that battle. The Pershings and the cruises were going to be deployed, and, as Ogarkov said, that would be it. From that moment, our own territory would cease to be invulnerable, and to hell with doctrine: we wouldn't necessarily win in a nuclear exchange.

Of course that was before I made it to the top, so I had to side with the old men and get Nikolai out of the way. But I knew he was right, and one thing struck me straightaway. The capitalists had played right into our hands with that zero-zero option. They felt pretty clever about it at the time: usually, that's the kind of thing *we* do to *them*. But I knew they'd be stuck with it, once we indicated we were ready to go along.

Frankly, even then, I didn't think we would make it as easily as we did. Of course there was a price to pay. I can't say I like those on-site-inspection clauses. But then our "Socialist sixth of the world" is so huge we can probably find a way round that one.

Let's leave that, for the time being. Before we started deploying our SS-20s, we had total superiority in the European theater: more tanks, more planes, more men. And, of course, a nice monopoly on the biochemical side. Then, with the SS-20s—total domination; but that couldn't last and didn't. Our enemies did their best to commit suicide, but they didn't quite make it. And then, just as Ogarkov had predicted, they started deploying and we were in danger, for the first time—apart from the intercontinental stuff, to be sure, but we're just talking about Europe now.

So, where does the INF treaty leave us? Danger gone, back to total superiority. When the next round of arms-control talks gets going, the other side will find out all they ever need to know about incentives. On the INF side, we did have a strong incentive. On the conventional side, and on biochemicals, I look around, and I can't see any incentives. As for ICBMs, and all that talk of fifty-fifty reduction, why not? It won't make much difference, and we've got such a pile of obsolete stuff, it wouldn't hurt much to get rid of the lot.

The West is so easy to fool it almost takes the fun out of the game. Still, I have to hand it to Ron. He really had us worried for a while there. When Jimmy Carter was in the White House—nice place to work in, I must say—we could do anything we liked, anywhere: Afghanistan, South Yemen, Ethiopia, Angola and Mozambique, Nicaragua, you name it.

Then Ron comes along, with all those extremists surrounding him, and suddenly the going gets rough. For the first time, we stop advancing. We even get ourselves kicked out of . . . I always forget the name of that place. Yeah, Grenada. Well, that didn't do us any good. The only good thing about it was that my friend-to-be, the Iron Lady, was furious—but furious!—with *Ron*, for keeping her in the dark. That thing of theirs, the Commonwealth, was pretty useful for our side, and not for the first time, or the last.

Still, looking elsewhere, if we didn't advance, we didn't retreat either. We kept the national-liberation pot boiling nicely in El Salvador, and our little Sandinista friends played their hand brilliantly. There was no shortage of useful idiots in Washington to fall for the line that Nicaragua just wasn't a Communist state. The dangerous man there was the old cold-warrior, Bill Casey, who really gave us a headache or two. But there's one thing we've learned about America. We can usually count on Congress to foul up any aggressive move the Administration might try, like guaranteed money for the so-called Contras.

Meanwhile, the Sandinistas *know* they can count on us. As Daniel Ortega said the other day, we're building up their army for them. The target figure is 600,000, with top-quality equipment. That should be enough to

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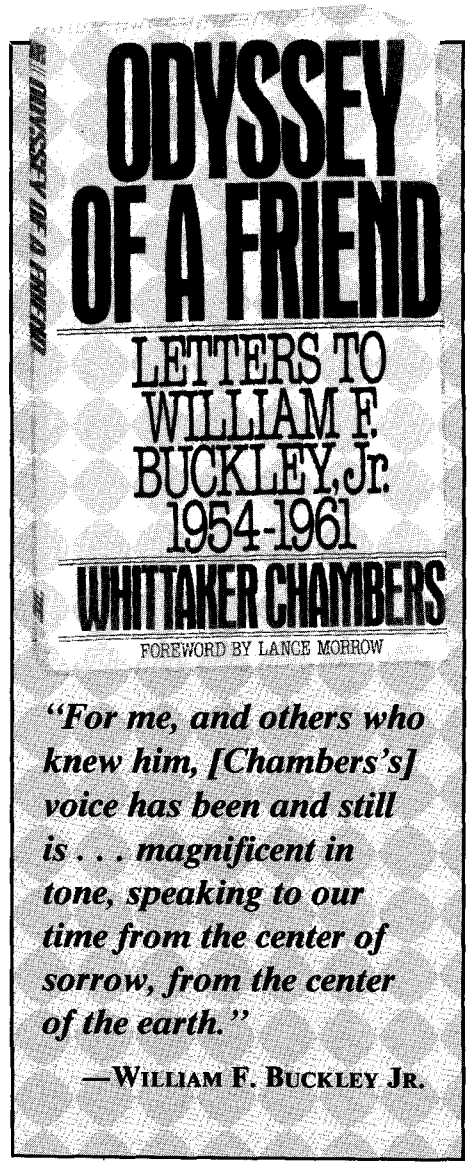
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meet anything the Contras can do, what with Congress dithering and mostly on our side. (Come to think of it, though, those congressmen can be unpredictable, even with effective guys like our own Vladimir Posner guiding them. They let us down over SALT II, don't forget, so will they pass the INF treaty? I'll have to keep my fingers crossed.)

So, what's left? Southern Africa? Lots of problems, but I'd say we're doing pretty well down there. The biggest troublemaker, by far, is that South African puppet, Savimbi, but now that we've got the MPLA and all of its territory completely under our control, with our Cuban friends in the field, all we need to do at any time is send modern arms and equipment, plus top-class training teams, and we can hold the line.

As for Mozambique, I can hardly believe our luck. Three or four years ago, some of us were thinking we might have to give up on the whole thing. But I'd forgotten about our friends in the British Foreign Office. Incredible, but true: they're actually *training* Frelimo's troops against the Renamo bandits! Just think what a great position we'd be in if they started to do the same with Najibullah's rabble against the Afghan bandits, the so-called Mujahedin, instead of the other way round! Frankly, I thought we'd had it when that incompetent pilot of ours crashed Samora Machel's plane. But no, Chissano gets himself invited to London to meet the Queen.

As for South Africa, Maggie Thatcher was giving us trouble—she managed to block all-out sanctions—but there again, just when things were looking blackest, the Foreign Office came to our rescue (the State Department too, come to think of it) and Geoffrey Howe saw Oliver Tambo, even though the Iron Lady says he's a terrorist. (Almost as bad as over here in Moscow, where I have to denounce my friend Boris Yeltsin because that nasty old Stalinist Ligachev doesn't like my *perestroika* policy. What would *he* do with our economic shambles, I'd like to know?)

So, taking the long view (we always do—that's where we'll always stay ahead of the capitalists), southern Africa, even South Africa itself, is ripening nicely.

Afghanistan? Now there's another kettle of fish. People in the West are puzzled. Why start a war if you don't intend to win? they ask. Well, that's what people said about America and Vietnam. But they miss the point. It's the first war *we've* actually fought since World War II. Until now, we've always given that honor to fraternal armies—Cubans, Vietnamese, that kind of thing. So we could do with battle experience, and are we getting it! It's just ideal for our *Spetsnaz*. As for winning, what does that mean exactly? If it means having a jumping-off point three hundred or so miles from the Strait of Hormuz, then we've got it already. If it means crushing the bandits, then that's something else, but we do have the elements of a deal with the Americans there: We pull out if you stop sending arms to the rebels.

So we can afford to make vague promises of withdrawing—most of the Western so-called experts have forgotten all about the example of Khrushchev's troika proposals in Laos. We haven't quite got our troika in Afghanistan, but we're working on it: Communists, anti-Communists, and maybe "neutralists," all under the King, who can be brought back from exile. That way, we could pull out, and all we would need after that would be, say, one year. After all, Najibullah's a secret-police guy. He would know what to do. As for us, we pull our forces out and the Western media give me a good write-up . . .

Okay, so there *are* some *really* difficult places. With the mad old Ayatollah out of the way, I dare say we can bring that crazy Iran-Iraq war to an end. And we do have our KGB and our Tudeh faithful all over the place in Iran. So let's forget that one just now and look at the real land of opportunity: Western Europe. There the real plum is West Germany, and I just wonder how ripe that one is.

Let me recap the priorities:

Number One (and I can say that again: Number One, Number One): Get the Americans out.

Number Two: A neutral Germany, reunited, out of NATO.

As a matter of fact, the two go together nicely. Taking a closer look at the German Federal Republic, I would say, yes, it's very ripe indeed, maybe even ready for picking. Adenauer is a distant memory. Even Helmut Schmidt is growing dim. The Social Democrats are just where we want them, where our man Egon Bahr has led them, patiently and skillfully. If they come back to power, their policy is based on our plan: "a security partnership with the States of the East." That means the Warsaw Pact, and that means *us*. Of course people may say, Well, okay, but the SPD is *not* in power. To which I reply, It doesn't need to be; with our friend Genscher as the long-running Foreign Minister, who needs the SPD?

The only German we feared was Strauss, and we wrecked *his* chances 25 years ago with the so-called *Spiegel* affair, one of the smartest things we ever did. So what about Chancellor Kohl? Well, what about him? I heard a story the other day. Somebody said to Strauss down in Munich: "Why don't you take Kohl for a walk, have a serious talk with him?" And Strauss replied: "Ever tried to nail a piece of jelly to a wall?"

So, as I say, the plum could be ripe enough, and when the time comes, I'll spring my big surprise on my colleagues and on the world. I can just see it: the world's media, television cameras, the lot. All focused on the Berlin Wall, the day we pull it down.

There'll be a little price to pay, of course, but then you'd expect to have to pay something for peace in Europe. We'll say to the Americans: You've been going on about that Wall ever since it went up. Okay, we'll pull it down. And in return, you'll do what a lot of you have wanted to do for a long time: bring your boys home to their mommas.

And then, well, if *perestroika* doesn't work out, we'll get the united Germans to work for us.

(Interrupted by Raisa's return, Mikhail Gorbachev stopped his soliloquy at this point.) □

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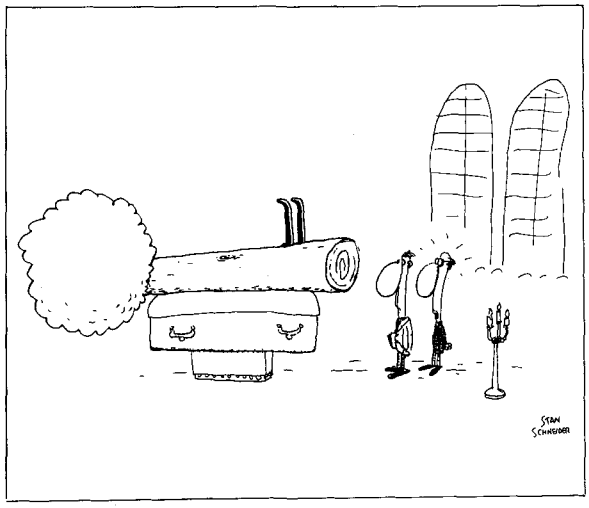
help !!!!

"I wish they could flatten me as fast as they did my wallet."

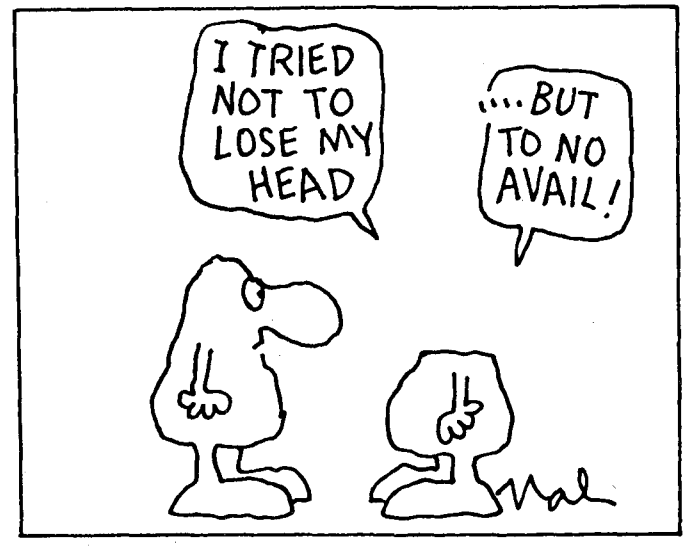
Should We Just Pipe Down?

In New Zealand they've examined
  Red-deer females when in heat
And discovered through the process
  Doe do nothing indiscreet
Till a buck's insistent bellow
  Gets them so libidinous,
All come running, and I wondered
  If a lesson's there for us.

W. H. VON DREELE



"What a tragic skiing accident!"



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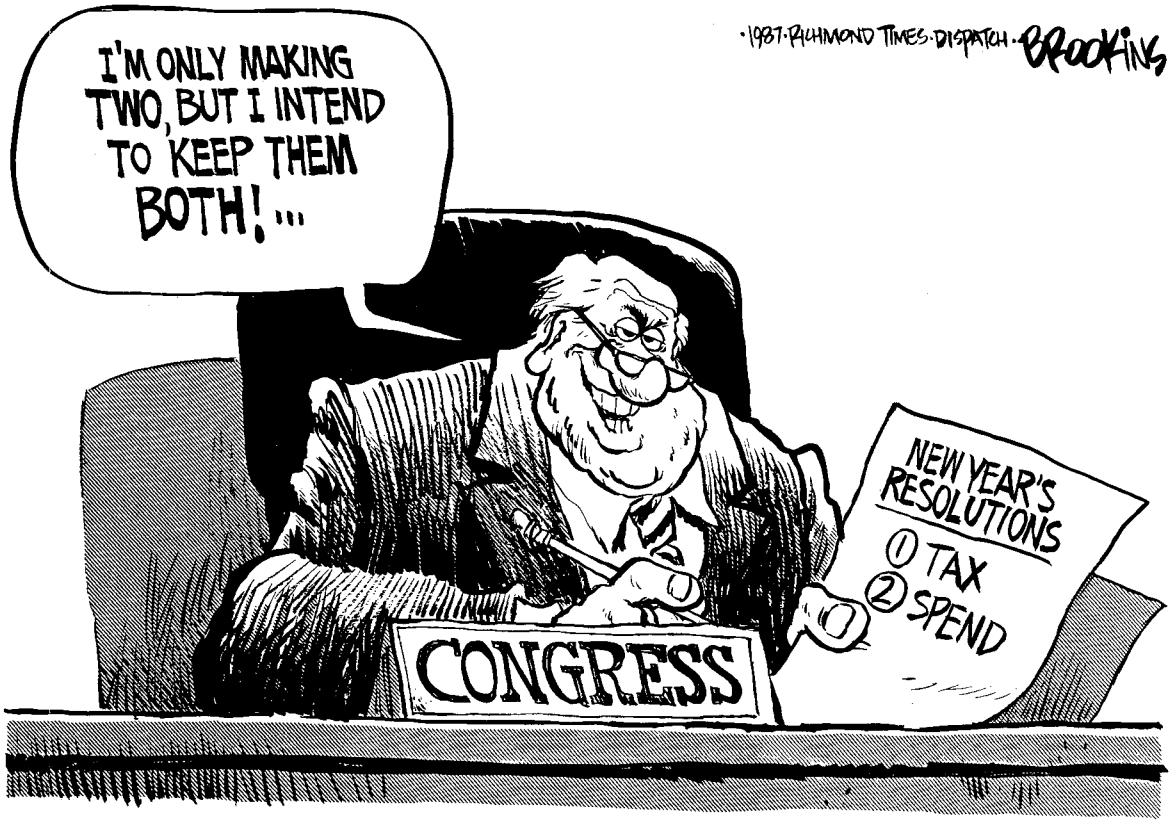
"I THINK WE COULD USE ANOTHER COUPLE OF TRUCKS..."



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Richard Brookhiser

BUSH ON THE BRINK

THE SALMON-AND-GOLD ballroom of the Vista International Hotel in Manhattan was decked out in seasonal splendor. A menorah and a Christmas tree flanked the lectern. Three young women in red capes and dresses, called "Santa's Friends," sang "Winter Wonderland," "We Need a Little Christmas," and other carols of the modern age. Three men dressed as toy soldiers—white faces, red lips—stood rigidly beside them. Two Santas with BUSH FOR PRESIDENT buttons on their caps worked tables of Bush men and women from nearby Wall Street, passing out bumper-stickers. "Ladies and gentlemen," a voice announced, "the Vice President of the United States of America." The crowd rose, the toy soldiers snapped a smart salute, and George Bush appeared, bringing good tidings of great joy which would be to all Republicans.

But first he greeted the Republicans individually. A memory stirred. For four or five months in the summer and fall of 1982, I wrote speeches for Vice President Bush part time, a stint from which I learned almost nothing: nothing but this. The one trip I took with him, on Air Force Two, he seemed to spend a phenomenal amount of time writing notes and letters. It was as if he knew every Republican in America personally. How many did he know at the Vista International? The first table he approached, everyone rose. He gestured, please sit. Of course they didn't. By the second table he gave up the effort to be deferential. At 63, the appearance of youth is finally leaving him. His hair is not so much greying as lightening all over; lines remain on his face when the deep, open grin ends. All the time he shook hands, his left hand stayed in his pants pocket; sometimes both hands, after emerging for a gesture, would retire there. He did 16 tables, ate a little, then did the other thirty-four.

At a thousand dollars a head and ten heads per table, Bush was netting a tidy sum. He had also come to augment and display his collection of state Republican and Conservative Party supporters. One of these, Representative Guy Molinari of Staten Island, introduced him, after skipping through the résumé, as a man of integrity, intelligence, ethical behavior, and "unbending loyalty."

Eight years ago, I wrote of Bush's speechmaking that he "drops pauses in awkward places, like a moving man leaving a piano on the stairs." He's better, but he'll never make the rude sea grow civil at his song. He begins by recalling the time Roger Mudd asked Teddy Kennedy why he wanted to be President. "And maybe he didn't give his best answer. Well, it isn't an easy question." Former Ohio Governor Jim Rhodes, he remembered, once took out his wallet and explained, " 'What people really wanna know is who's putting money in, who's taking it out.' I know why I want to be President economically." The first priority is to hold the line on taxes. "Revenues are up when tax rates are down." This is Bush's bride of seven years, Mrs. Supply Side, formerly Miss Voodoo. He also ticks off the line-item veto, and his one original economic proposal, a lower capital-gains tax. From 1978 to 1986, the capital-gains rate sank from 49 per cent to 20 per cent. The Tax Reform Act, as part of its leveling crusade, boosted it back up to 28 per cent. Bush wants it scaled down to 15 per cent.

His second topic was education. Bush has said on numerous occasions that he wants to be remembered as an "education President." He came out last summer with another new idealet: savings bonds whose income would be tax-free if applied to college tuition. He said at the Vista that "education is the best antidote to poverty," and that present proportions of spending—7 per cent federal, 93 per cent state and local—represented the "right mix."

Last and greatest came peace. Not, you understand, all-we-are-saying-is-give-peace-a-chance peace, but Republican peace: Peace through Experience, and Strength. Now the record rolled out like a juggernaut. "I take some shots on my résumé. This is the first line of work I've been in where experience is a detriment. I've been to 76 foreign countries as Vice President—not all for funerals either. Jim Baker says, 'You know Bush, his motto is, You die, he'll fly.' " But seriously, folks. Bush recalled the first time he met Gorbachev, at Chernenko's funeral (important point: *before* the Summit; this man, the subtext reads, knows people before they're famous), then flashed forward to December in Washington. Gorbachev, Bush thinks, with all the world, is a New Thing. "The minute you meet the man, you can see it, the wink, the humor, the gregariousness." Bush took credit for the famous sidewalk fleshpress-

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ing. He had told Gorbachev, as they rode along the capital's streets, that it was a shame he couldn't get out and about. "Two blocks later, he said, Stop. I think he said, Stop. Whatever he said, *they stopped.*" There was laughter; Bush injected a note of sternness. "I'll trust him more when 200,000 Jews and Christians come out of the Soviet Union; when 106,000 Soviet troops come out of Afghanistan, and 30,000 Cuban troops come out of Angola; when he stops spending a *billion* dollars a year in Nicaragua." But he trusts him enough for the INF treaty. "I don't think we should stick our heads in the sand. . . . I would like to be the President—[stern again] realistically, with eyes wide open, keeping America strong—[peace again] but be the President to build on this ray of hope that's beginning to shine." The sound of a thousand hands clapping.

Later in the week, he flew up to New Hampshire, appearing, in Dover, at the Millyard, a woolly-mammoth carcass left over from the Industrial Revolution. Under a clear sunset sky with a streak of cloud like smoke in a jewel, a hundred spectators and a high-school band shivered waiting for him. I marveled that the lips of the trumpeters didn't stick to the mouthpieces. "We are proud," his introducer here said, "of your example as a solid family man." This was the week of Donna Rice's boyfriend. "Good moral values *are still important in New Hampshire.*"

It was too cold for Bush to do more than touch on education and the INF treaty: "A step closer to peace on earth, good will toward men." The Biblical allusion gave him a peg to deal with two hecklers. (Heckling what? Their voices imploded in the freezing air.) "In a spirit of good will . . . I want to say to this *wonderful* couple here, I've been to Poland where you can't do it." It was on Bush's Eastern European trip last fall that he made the crack about importing Soviet mechanics to Detroit that caused such hoots. It was also before and during this trip that his negotiations with the Polish government—dangling IMF credits in return for a softer line, threatening nothing if crackdowns continued—elicited the praise of Zbigniew Brzezinski for their "unusual skill." "I think it's a *good* thing" people can heckle here, he said, pounding the lectern. The cold crowd whooped.

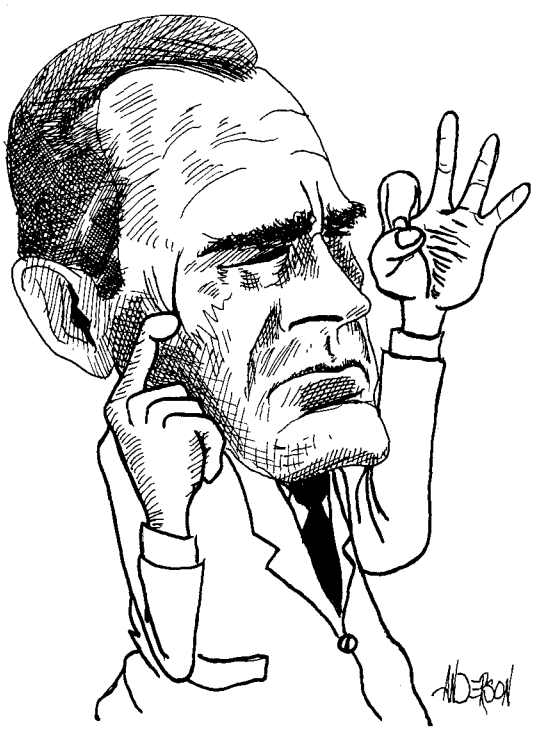
THE VICE PRESIDENTIAL motorcade took him to a "function facility" on Route 125 near Plaistow. Bush's introducer here was an important local politician, Governor John Sununu. Sununu looks like the science nerd in a kid-exploitation flick about high school. No matter, he had learned his lines. Bush could "deal with what is clearly a brand new generation in the Soviet Union."

Bush, wearing aviator glasses (fair enough, he was an aviator), hit two new themes. Did the INF treaty portend cuts in defense spending? "It means no such thing at all." America had to keep its guard up; one way of doing that was SDI—a "humane program. . . . Wouldn't it be nice to put weapons at risk rather than people?" Bush was the last of the Republican candidates to take the SDI pledge of advocate Gregory Fossedal, to come out for deployment. "It's down the road in its entirety," Bush said in Plaistow, and called for "vigorous research."

The second new theme was the environment, a New Hampshire perennial. He told of seeing plastic cups while "fishin' for blues off Bidderford Light. And I said, Hey—Theodore Roosevelt was a Republican, and he said, after defense, the most important thing" one generation can leave the next is clean nature.

He ended with an expanded answer to Roger Mudd's question, though, interestingly, he recast it as a matter of his qualifications rather than his desires. The first two that came to mind were life experiences. His business career—Bush started as a clerk in a family friend's oil company and ended as the head of a firm that pioneered offshore drilling—taught him about meeting a payroll. "Republicans believe in the private sector. Why not have someone who's rolled up his sleeves" in it? "Some tell me," he went on, in a Nixonian trope, "not to say" that he had been Director of Central Intelligence. But "I wear it as a badge of honor." Applause.

More important than experiences, he said, is "what makes me tick." To probe his ticker he used his Polish trip, where "three incidents came together for me," two depressing, one inspiring. First was meeting General Jaruzelski. The second was a trip to Auschwitz. Auschwitz has become such a totem that it is virtually impossible to tell, from statements about it, whether any visitor has had an authentic reaction. Here Bush's very awkwardness helped him. "You see *pathetic* bins of little shoes . . ." Finally, he recalled visiting the church of the martyred Father Popieluszko. "He was smitten down, 37, 38, whatever he was. Why? Because he was worshipping God." Bush had driven to the church with Lech Walesa, and the Polish government, for spite, had removed the Polish flag from the car's right fender. "But it didn't matter, because we had the stars and stripes on the other fender." At the church, they met Father Popieluszko's mother, who "could not believe any country would stand up for human rights. I'm thinking to myself, It's the United States that can do this, because we are the most decent, the most generous,



Lew Anderson

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the most fair nation on the face of the earth. I want to be the President, strengthened by that experience, and by many others. And with your help . . ."

Applause; exit. As analysis, it didn't amount to much. As revelation, it was not uninteresting.

BY NOW, the outlines of the life are widely familiar. Born in Milton, Massachusetts, raised in Greenwich, Connecticut. Andover. Youngest pilot (18) in the Naval Air Service. Hit coming in for a bombing run over the Bonin Islands, but went on to hit his target. The turret gunner and the radioman died; Bush paddled for two hours in a life-raft away from the Japanese-held shore until he was picked up by a submarine. Yale: Phi Beta Kappa, Skull and Bones, captain of the baseball team. "I am convinced the reason you are not getting more hits," the head groundskeeper wrote him, "is that you do not take a real cut at the ball." Bush worked at it, and got his average up to .264. (Mario Cuomo's average the year he played minor-league pro ball: .244.) Texas, oil, politics. He lost two Senate races, solidly in 1964, narrowly in 1970, and won two House races in the intervening years. Then came the hit parade: ambassador to the United Nations; chairman of the Republican National Committee; head of the U.S. Liaison Office in Peking; Director of Central Intelligence. 1980, politics again: up in Iowa, down in New Hampshire, up for good in Detroit and on election day.

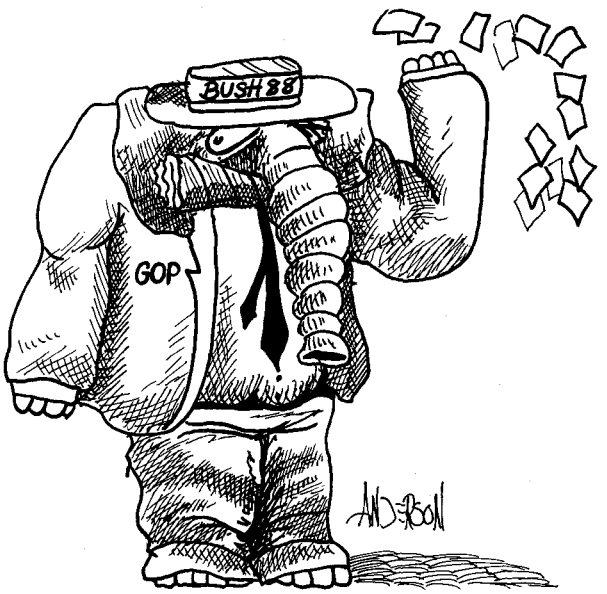
The most important part of the blur we call a presidential candidate's biography is, in Bush's case, where he came from. It is the source of his strengths, and his weaknesses. One of his weaknesses is that his strengths hobble him.

"Bush," declared the *Manchester Union Leader* in an editorial last October, "is a spoon-fed rich kid wet-nursed to success." As a character sketch, this was plain wrong. As sociology, it was not quite right.

People assume that, because he was born in New England, Bush was some second cousin of George Apley. Both his parents' roots, however, were in the Midwest. His father came from Columbus; his mother's father, from St. Louis. They both had money; they had both worked for it.

The elder Bushes raised George from early on in the habits of doing the same. These were demanding. *Newsweek* has recorded that the report card of the Greenwich Country Day School carried a line, "Claims no more than his fair share of attention." "How'd we do in 'Claims no more'?" was always the first question Bush's father asked. In his campaign biography, *Looking Forward*, Bush describes a recent bit of advice from his mother. " 'You're talking about yourself too much, George,' she told me after reading a news report covering one of my campaign speeches. I pointed out that as a candidate, I was expected to tell voters something about my qualifications. She thought about that a moment . . . 'Well, I understand that,' she said, 'but try to restrain yourself.' " If this was spoon-feeding, what are knives?

Bush's upbringing suited him to the jobs he undertook. That row of slots in the Seventies looks good on the résumé, but none of those jobs was smooth sailing. Bush struggled to keep Taiwan in the UN as Washington was cozying up to the Mainland, and to keep the GOP afloat



Lew Anderson

at the time of Watergate. ("People come up to my mother," he observed of his RNC job, "and say, 'Isn't it too bad about George,' like I had died.") "There'll be some substantive work from time to time," Henry Kissinger warned him before he went to Peking, "but for the most part you'll be bored beyond belief." He came to the CIA at the height of the mid-Seventies spook-bashing.

His background also suits him politically, at least in the context of the Republican Party. In 1968, Norman Mailer attended the Miami convention and found himself, perhaps for the first time in his life, in a roomful of Republicans. The experience filled him with "a sad sorrowful respect" for "the muted tragedy of the WASP." WASPs were tragic because they "were here to serve, and serve they had, in public functions and public charities . . . served on opera committees, and served in long hours of duty at the piano, served as the sentinel in concert halls and the pews on the aisle in church, at the desk in schools, had served for culture, served for finance, served for salvation, served for America . . ." The revery concluded with a thought: "Nelson Rockefeller is out of his mind if he thinks he can take the nomination away from Richard Nixon." Meaning: Who, in a party of service, had put in more time than Nixon?

Who, twenty years later, has practiced the piano longer than Bush?

HOW WELL IS he suited to winning an election, or governing the country afterward?

The one concrete point that threatens Bush the candidate is Iran-Contra. Bob Dole, at least, thinks so. "When your strength is foreign policy," Dole said last summer, "you could ask questions." Bush knew the Administration was selling missiles to Iran, even as the terrorism task force he headed declared that the government would "make no concessions to terrorists." On the Central American side, Bush's national security advisor, Donald Gregg, had eight meetings with Felix Rodriguez, a former CIA agent working in El Salvador, during the mid Eighties. The left-wing press, which harps on the matter, alleges

(Continues on page 60)

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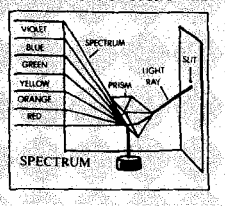

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Fred Mann

AND THEY'RE OFF!

THE LAST "brokered" national political convention in this country, the Democratic convention of 1952, took three ballots to nominate Adlai E. Stevenson. No convention since has been entrusted with any work more important than ratifying a choice made in the primaries, although the 1976 Republican convention came close. Yet for three decades, pundits hung on to the dream. At the start of every election season we would hear the cries: "Maybe this time, finally we'll get a political convention with some politics in it." Maybe. Oh, please.

This year, however, the pundits are too smart. They aren't going to have their dreams dashed again. They're grown-ups. There is no tooth fairy, and modern political conventions, they declare, are to the electoral process as the Rose Parade is to football.

Wrong again. As things are shaping up now, there is a substantial possibility that the GOP nomination will be decided in a smoke-filled back room at the New Orleans Superdome. For conservatives, that means that choices and strategies are going to be a bit more complicated than in the past.

This season all the GOP candidates offer conservatives something; the important question is not whom we love, but who will deliver. For electoral purposes, conservatives are not only a movement but an interest group (or a collection of interest groups) and must maneuver with the shrewdness and flexibility of the canniest of that breed.

Since 1964, the races for the GOP nomination have been, more or less, contests between a chosen (by New Hampshire anyway) representative of the old GOP establishment, and the anointed conservative leader, i.e., Goldwater or Reagan. The one-on-one character of these races contributed nearly as much to the gelding of the conventions as did the primary system. Almost no primary states have a winner-take-all system; instead, delegates are divided up roughly according to the percentages of the votes garnered by the various candidates. Had there been more than two viable candidates throughout any of these races, any one candidate would have had a substantially smaller chance of locking up a majority of the votes.

We may have a brokered convention this time for two reasons. First, there is more and stronger competition than usual for both the anointed conservative slot and the establishment slot. Second, the primary season has been put through a weird Einsteinian time warp. The beginning takes longer and is less decisive than in the days when New Hampshire was all. And because of Super Tuesday, the middle comes right at the end of the beginning and lasts only one day, to be followed immediately by the beginning of the end, which drags on for months before we finally get to the end of the end. Because it will be so easy to get as far as the middle of the race, delegates are more likely to be spread around among the candidates up through Super Tuesday and perhaps beyond. If by the halfway point three or four candidates have each won pluralities in at least a couple of primaries and come in second or a solid third in a few more, it will be a lot less obvious than in previous contests who should drop out.

There are three men vying to be the next Goldwater or, with better luck, Reagan. Jack Kemp is clearly the leader here, but his two rivals, Pat Robertson and Pete du Pont, are doing surprisingly well. (Alexander Haig, with his conservative foreign policy and liberal domestic agenda, is an anomaly who should drop out quickly.) Both du Pont and Robertson have constituencies. Robertson's, obviously, is the "Religious Right." Du Pont's, somewhat surprisingly, is the "Beltway conservatives." Du Pont is *our* special-interest candidate; on any checklist of conservative issues he is right, at least on paper, more of the time than anyone else, including Kemp. The conservative lobbyists, who tend naturally to think of the President as a sort of super lobbyist, like du Pont because he has made a verbal commitment to their positions on almost all of the issues. Du Pont's organization is weak, as is his name recognition. He will probably be a relatively early dropout. But right now he is distracting some conservative support from Kemp.

The race for the establishment-candidate slot is perhaps even more interesting from a conservative point of view. For, in contrast to previous establishment standard-bearers, neither George Bush nor Robert Dole is running against the conservative movement; in fact, they are both courting it (George Bush, after all, vigorously supported Goldwater in 1964). Their strategy is to demonstrate to the entire party that they can produce a victory in the fall while reassuring movement types that they are "conservative enough."

Mr. Mann is a Washington-based political consultant.

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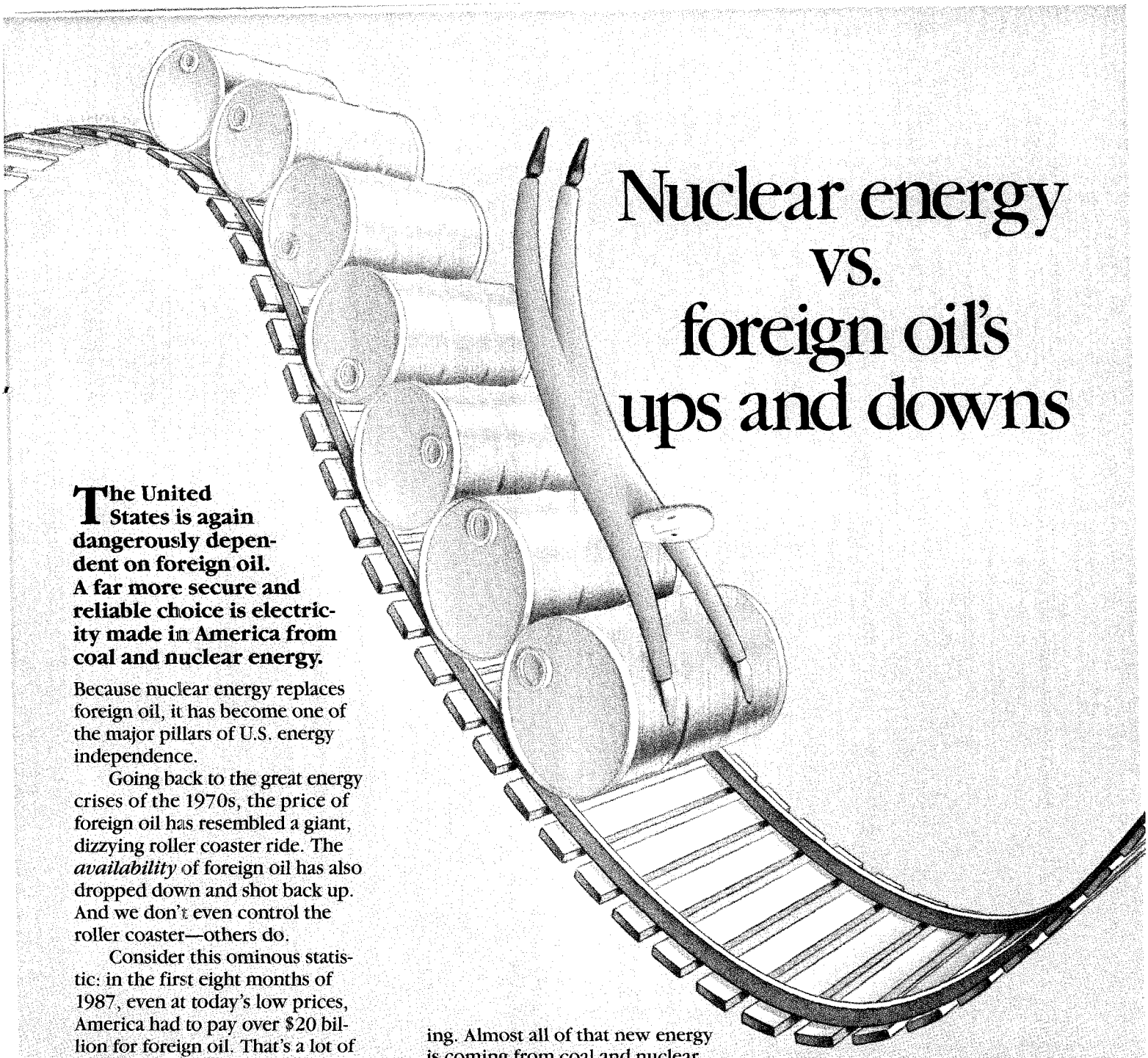

Nuclear energy vs. foreign oil's ups and downs

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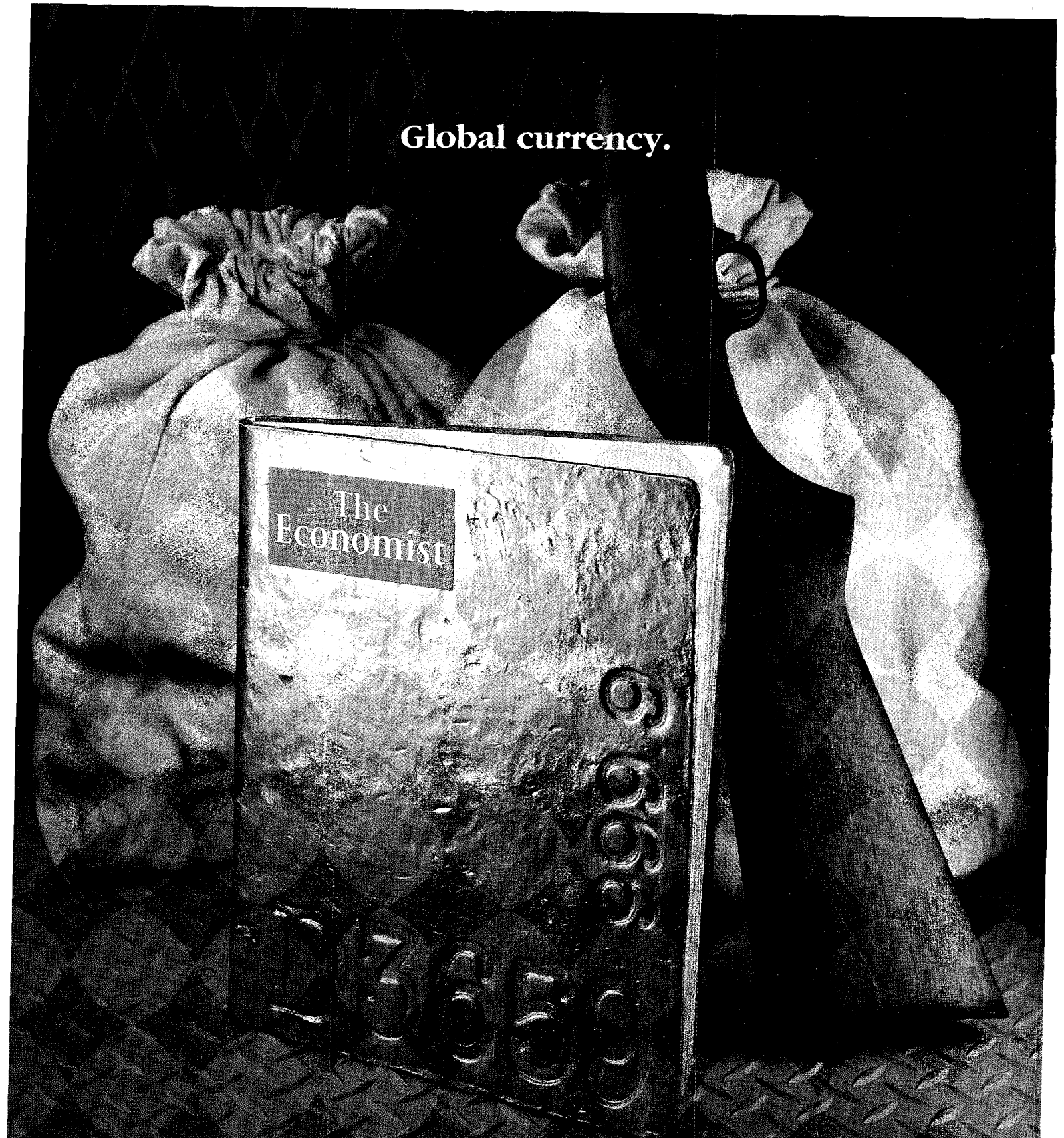

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Neither imagines that he can become the conservative anointed one. But both hope to win enough conservative support to make anointing irrelevant. The manner in which they set about this is perhaps the aspect of this campaign that most merits the attention of conservatives.

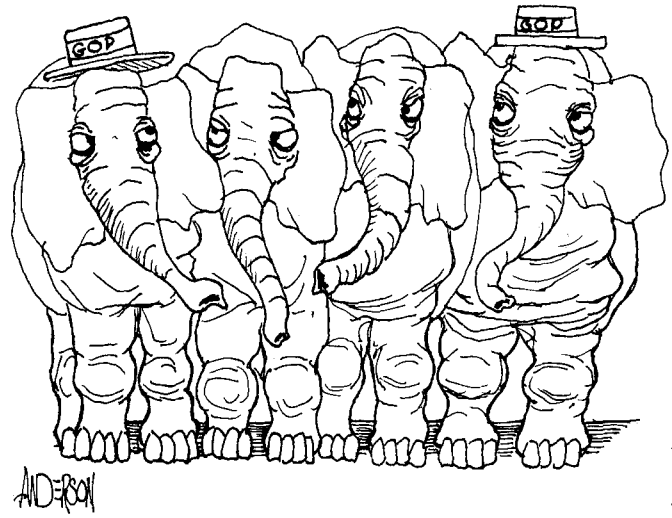
By 1984 George Bush had come a long way from the days of denouncing voodoo economics. Conservatives appreciated his loyalty to President Reagan, and he was enjoying a bit of a honeymoon with the movement. He attended major conservative events religiously, going so far as to be the keynote speaker at a memorial tribute for Bill Loeb, the late editor of the *Manchester Union Leader*, who fiercely opposed Bush's 1980 run for the nomination.

In fact, that dinner marked the end of the honeymoon. George Will scathingly denounced Bush as insincerely pandering to conservatives. Bush was clearly stung by the charge and from that date on seemed to change his strategy. He has continued to be supremely loyal to the Reagan agenda, in some cases more so than Reagan, thus substantively pleasing many conservatives. But he seems to have given up on the conservative movement as such. He has skipped some major movement events, and hasn't placed hordes of movement veterans on his campaign staff.

By temperament and long association Bush is in a better position to run as Mr. Republican than as Mr. Conservative, and he is doing just that, remarkably well. Bush is a devout Eleventh Commandment man ("Thou shalt not speak ill of thy fellow Republicans"); when he does transgress, it's usually to do something like denouncing Pierre du Pont as a nutty ideologue. He has stuck with Reagan on the INF treaty, the Reagan initiative probably least liked by conservatives. But sticking with Reagan on that point helps reassure party regulars and liberal Republicans that his loyalty over the past seven years has been not to an ideology but to a Republican President. He has concentrated his efforts on building a magnificent campaign organization; in the end his appeal to movement conservatives will be more "I can win" than "I am one of you."

DOLE, ON the other hand, has been running right for several years. His strategy is clearly to make himself the movement's "anyone-but-Bush" candidate. He has done a reasonably good job of this, but his conventional horse-trader political instincts are a burden in dealing with movement conservatives. His tactical approach has been to lure conservative support by giving top posts in his campaign organization to veteran movement leaders such as Donald Devine and David Keene, and he has courted New Right leaders such as Paul Weyrich devotedly. He has always billed himself as pro-life, and, with a few exceptions, he has delivered, which has helped with the New Right. He is sincerely hostile to supply-siders, which also helps with some of the social conservatives—not that they favor higher taxes, but they are a little tired of being told that tax cuts will wash away original sin.

Nevertheless, with all this in his favor, he is having difficulties—it's those conventional political instincts. It is widely believed that he appointed New Hampshire Senator Warren Rudman to the Iran-Contra Committee in order to help himself in New Hampshire; but when Rudman used the hearings to savage Ollie North and attack the Administration, conservatives blamed Dole. In an interview



Lew Anderson

published in *Atlantic Monthly*, William Schneider of AEI asked him if he supported the Reagan Administration's commitment to aiding anti-Communist guerrillas, including the Contras. Dole's answer: "I wouldn't say yes or no. Generally . . . no, I don't think so." As Richard Brookhiser has pointed out, Dole is a natural fence-straddler, the type of politician least liked and trusted by ideological activists. Even the pro-life leaders are having second thoughts, as a closer examination of his record shows him to have traded off their interests once or twice too often.

Still, he has one overwhelming advantage: he is not George Bush. The conservative love of tradition is an admirable thing in itself, but it does sometimes get in the way, especially when all you need to establish a tradition is one event. Eight years ago Bush was The Enemy, and though Bush is more conservative than Dole or any other likely establishment candidate, he remains The Enemy for many movement conservatives. At this writing, most of the conservative leaders and activists with whom my work brings me in contact feel that if no movement candidate looks like winning, or if the convention deadlocks, we should support Dole over Bush: because Bush is Bush; because Dole's courtship of conservatives at least shows he believes he needs us; and because a man of Dole's practical political ethic will "stay bought."

This I believe would be a great mistake, a product of the idealistic naïveté of my beloved comrades. First of all, conservatives shouldn't give up too early on getting a movement conservative nominated—the possibility of a brokered convention makes it more likely that, say, Kemp could win in the end. More importantly, backing Dole as a way to stop Bush would violate the "hip-pocket" theory of politics.

The hip-pocket theory says that if Dole runs to the right of Bush and wins, he will already have done conservatives a substantial favor, while alienating Bush's powerful establishment backers. With conservatives in his hip pocket he will have to reach out to establishment moderates and liberals to unite the party and win the election. There is a tendency in politics for the last men aboard a successful campaign to dominate the resulting Administration and for the last promises made to be the ones kept: thus the powerful influence of Bush supporters in setting up the Reagan Administration. We should expect very similar results if conservatives back Dole in the primaries.

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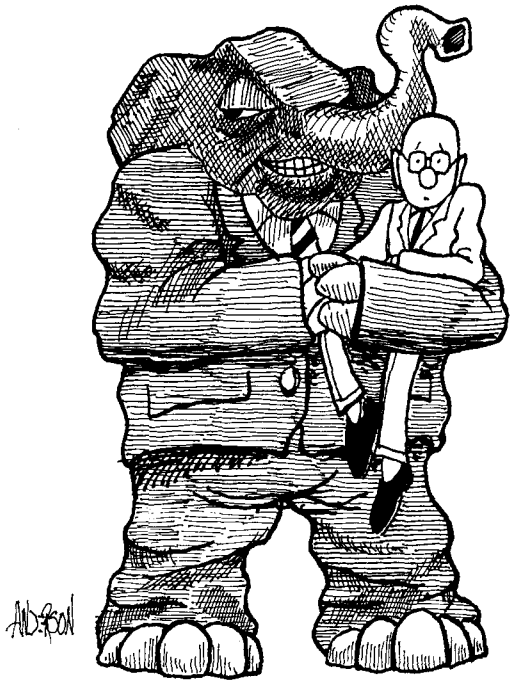
Considering that the only value Dole offers conservatives in exchange for their hopping into his pocket is stopping Bush, and that Bush is clearly more conservative than Dole, this wouldn't make much sense.

On the other hand, if Bush wins the nomination, with the establishment and liberal Republicans in his hip pocket, he will have to move right after the convention. Bush, for instance, would almost have to pick a movement conservative as Vice President, whereas Dole would almost certainly not. And Bush would have to bring large numbers of conservative policy people and activist leaders into his campaign, placing conservatives in an excellent position to make the transition to the Administration.

So is the moral, "Hope your opponent wins because he'll owe you more"? Hardly. Conservatives should fight on for a real conservative as long as one is in the race. And if an establishment candidate wins the nomination, conservatives should wait until they are the last and most important missing link to victory and then deal.

Here is a likely scenario: Through an organizational coup, a coalition of Kemp and Robertson supporters have already given their candidates a good chance of running one and two in the Michigan convention on January 30. Bush will probably run third, with Dole et al. out of the money. Thus one of the movement conservatives may have the first official victory of the campaign. The next contest is Iowa, a caucus state, which puts a premium on organization. Bush should win there, as in 1980, though this farm state provides Dole his best chance to upset Bush early. Robertson will do better than expected (in general he will do very well in Midwest and Southern caucus states and reasonably well in Southern primary states). Du Pont will do little in either Michigan or Iowa.

The New Hampshire primary (February 16) will be less important than in the past. As all four major candidates will have shown substantial strength elsewhere, the voters of New Hampshire will simply not have the pull to turn the GOP contest into a two-man race. However, Bush should take New Hampshire, with Kemp a strong second.



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In the remaining three weeks before Super Tuesday, six states will hold primaries or caucuses. Kemp will probably take Minnesota, Bush and Dole are a toss-up in South Dakota, and Bush should prevail in Maine (one of his home states) and Vermont. South Carolina should also go to Bush, but expect a strong showing from Robertson and Kemp. No matter what happens in Wyoming, the campaign will hit Super Tuesday with four legitimate contenders.

On Super Tuesday itself, March 8, Dole should be the biggest loser, provided conservatives haven't abandoned their candidates and rushed to Dole to stop Bush. Bush holds the organizational advantage in most states, except North Carolina and Georgia, where Kemp should be a real threat to win. In North Carolina Kemp gets a boost from the Congressional Club, Jesse Helms's organization. CC's clout isn't what it used to be—it lost a two-man fight for the GOP Senate nomination in 1986—but in a three- or four-way race it should be decisive.

Elizabeth Dole, a native North Carolinian, could help her husband take second place in that state. But otherwise he is in trouble in the South, as Southern GOP voters are more ideologically motivated than most. Robertson will pick up lots of delegates, but he is unlikely to come in first anywhere except perhaps Virginia, where the primary is only a beauty contest, selecting no delegates.

THUS THE post-Super Tuesday picture will look like this: About a third of the GOP delegates will have been settled, and each of the four serious candidates will have a substantial block of them. But Bush and Kemp will be the "beauty contest" winners, with more first- and second-place showings than anyone else and the biggest claim to "the big Mo." The race thereafter should begin to look more like the classic, two-man, movement-*v.*-establishment contest. Kemp's goal will be to win enough primaries in the West and Midwest to keep himself a clear second; along with everyone else, he will be trying to keep Bush from garnering a first-ballot majority.

If Bush wins on the first ballot he will be virtually obliged to offer Kemp the Vice Presidency, with his second choice being California Governor George Deukmejian, also a movement conservative, on the theory that all successful GOP tickets include California. Another strong possibility is Senator William Armstrong of Colorado, a movement conservative and a Westerner, who is also a born-again Christian with appeal to the Robertson constituency. If the convention deadlocks, Kemp, with his savvy staff and the natural sympathy of the Robertson (and du Pont) delegates, would be in a reasonably good position to become enough delegates' second choice to win the nomination. If not, cutting a good deal with Bush would offer conservatives their best chance of joining a winning campaign and wielding substantial influence in a Republican Administration. Should they give Dole the nomination, disregarding Bush's clearly better showing in the primaries, Dole would have to work frantically to soothe rightfully outraged Bush supporters. The Kemp people could find themselves left out in the cold, not that it would matter. Dole would almost certainly fail in his last-minute attempt to unite the party and would lose the election.

The real moral: Fasten your seatbelts. A ride in the wrong hip pocket can be awfully bumpy. □

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WEANING MOZAMBIQUE

AT THE GLAMOROUS main intersection of old Lourenco Marques (now Maputo) the names of the grand cafés are still there in peeling paint: Scala, Continental. Inside, hundreds of poorly dressed, solemn black people sit: not drinking, not eating. Some dozen have before them glasses of muddy-looking milk, the only beverage available. Although signs on the walls blazon PASTELARIA, the only pastries available are a few buns.

Maputo, capital of the People's Republic of Mozambique, was once the sparkling Riviera of Africa, with cafés, villas, beaches, fountains, well-tended gardens, avenues, tourists. After 13 years of Marxist government and 11 years of civil war, it is now a picture of desolation and decay.

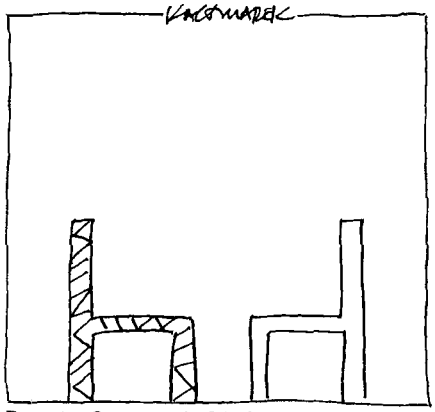
It is as if the Soviet-backed regime had dropped a new kind of neutron bomb that destroyed only consumer goods. John Orr's, the Bloomingdale's of Mozambique, is virtually deserted. Glass cases display forlorn photographs of yesteryear's merchandise, and on the second floor a Donald Duck cutout, a relic from happier days, directs you to a dozen sad children's sweaters. Plumbing is cut off. Elevators don't work. Telephones don't work. Electricity, as throughout Maputo, is a matter of chance. The total stock of this huge, once sumptuous department store could be packed into a small van.

Maputo is a city at war. We see no taxis, no buses. Truckloads of soldiers rumble through the streets. The industrial zone of Maputo is officially operating at a capacity of "under 20 per cent"; it looked to me as if the figure should be 5 to 10 per cent. Abandoned railroad cars, filled with peeling plywood and shattered glass, inhabit the hollow shell of the city's train station. On the outskirts of Maputo half a million people live in reed huts, refugees from the civil war in the countryside, compared to which Maputo is paradise.

The official U.S. Embassy guide ("Welcome to Maputo") warns that "overland travel outside the major cities can be extremely dangerous" and strongly advises against it. Mozambique government officials travel by air; the planes often have to be chartered from South Africa (although Mozambique's airfields are filled with Soviet military aircraft). These government officials and their wives, however, are always beautifully dressed, as natty as Mikhail and Raisa Gorbachev. Spruce, also, are the Soviet-style wall slogans (THE VANGUARD OF THE PROLETARIAT), and the present names of once splendid avenues: Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, Vladimir Lenin, Mao Tse-tung, Kim Il Sung, Salvador Allende, Ho Chi Minh. There is no Avenida George Washington.

Yet the great debate over Mozambique is whether the United States can, for the first time in history, entice a Communist country out of the Soviet Union's orbit. After almost three hours of conversation with Mozambican President Joaquim Chissano, who still believes in the "scientific teachings of Marxism-Leninism" (and after similar discussions with his Foreign Minister and the head of the Bank of Mozambique, among other high officials), I think not.

The Soviet Union is generous with military aid to its client states. In a continent where cynics hold that "ten good men" are enough to overthrow most governments, abundant military hardware plus a palace guard of at least three thousand Cubans (infantry), East Germans (intelligence and security), and Soviets (military advisors) seems enough to keep the Chissano government in power, at least in Maputo. I have seen in the capital husky young Russians in tight groups of a dozen, all male: to the eye of a former military officer, military men in civilian clothes.



Ronnie Otterman's kitchen chair Christo-wrapped. Elaine Otterman's not.

Politics of the Tin Cup

BUT THE Soviet Union is niggardly with economic aid. So a hungry, battered Mozambique has "turned to the West" for economic assistance. Its leaders are the very same men whose messianic Marxism produced the catastrophe from which they now seek deliverance, mind you, but—practicing now the politics of the tin cup—they have persuaded Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Chester Crocker and Senator Nancy Kassebaum, ranking Republican on the U.S. Senate Subcommittee for Africa, that they have mended their ways, seen the light, and can be weaned away from the Soviet Union. After the long conversations I had with these same Mozambicans, I can only conclude that Secretary Crocker and Senator Kassebaum would not know a Marxist if one punched them in the face.

At the United Nations, Mozambique diligently votes to condemn the United States and has never, ever criticized the Soviet Union. In last November's vote in the General Assembly condemning the Soviet Union (not even by name) for its invasion of Afghanistan, Mozambique was one of five countries listed as "absent." The other four were Rumania, South Yemen, the People's Republic of Cape Verde, and Sey-

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chelles, now ruled by Albert René's Marxist-Leninist People's United Party. All in all, it seems a most original way of displaying what President Chissano described to me as Mozambique's "true non-alignment."

No one is quite sure what we are getting for all this "weaning." Yet we keep weaning away to beat the band. Since 1981, under Ronald Reagan, we have given the People's Republic of Mozambique $241 million in direct aid and backed international aid for another $154 million. For 1987 we gave $85 million in emergency food aid alone, all of this to be channeled through the very Marxist regime that caused the mischief to begin with. And this on the basis of flimsy "reforms," voracious begging, and pious promises to be better.

Negative Growth

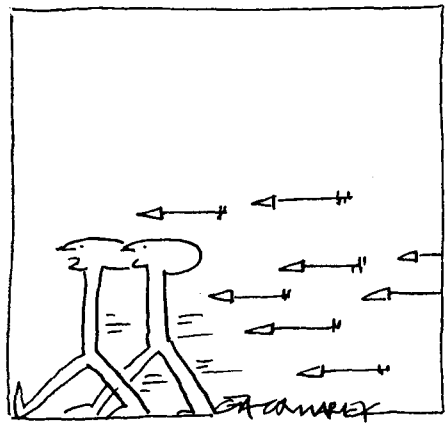
AND YET vast amounts of American aid are now going to "wean" the same Marxist-Leninist clique that has ruined Mozambique. Inheriting, in 1975, an increasingly prosperous economy, it reduced the country to an absolute shambles. Mozambique's growth rate since 1981 has been a negative 8 per cent per year. Its debt is gigantic and unserviceable—the interest alone is 2.2 times the country's exports. Meanwhile, exports, far from providing expendable hard currency, are at one-eighth the level of the country's imports. Agriculture, which occupies 85 per cent of the labor force, provides only 12 per cent of Mozambique's food needs. (These figures were given me by the governor of the Bank of Mozambique.) Nearly half the population of Mozambique is threatened by famine. Emergency food relief, furthermore, whether governmental or private, is entirely controlled by Maputo, which to date has not allowed a single ounce of food to be delivered to rebel-held territory.

Those in Washington assiduously courting Maputo ignore one fundamental fact: the spectacular advance in the field of Renamo, the anti-Communist Mozambique National Resistance. U.S. intelligence sources estimate that the rebels of Renamo control at least one-third the country's population and as much as 85 per cent of its territory, a far larger portion than either the Mujahedin in Afghanistan or Jonas Savimbi's UNITA in Angola. Renamo is in fact the world's fastest-growing anti-Communist insurgency. From a mere two thousand guerrillas in 1981, it has grown to almost twenty thousand today, or twice the size of the Communist Frelimo movement when the Portuguese packed their bags in 1975. Before my red-carpet reception in Maputo, I had visited (unbeknownst to my Marxist hosts there) the other side of this war—the territory held by Renamo.

Renamo has absolutely paralyzed the country's rail and road traffic. Outside of a few major cities, nothing moves except by military convoy: not manufactured goods, not raw materials, not agricultural produce, not people. So to get to rebel country I cross into Mozambique farther north, from Malawi.

Renamo guerrillas are everywhere, striking at will throughout the country. I have seen the bridge they blew up at Sena over the Zambezi, the longest bridge in Africa. They blew up the country's main oil pipeline, which runs from Zimbabwe to the west straight across Mozambique to Beira on the coast, four times in a single recent month. It was out of action almost half the month. Troops from Zimbabwe, the only reliable forces at Maputo's disposal—sent by Harare at ruinous cost in an attempt to win Zimbabwe a secure "corridor" to the Indian Ocean—patrol timidly in large units, stick to the main roads, and scurry back to their bases before dark. This is not a winning strategy. Renamo owns the night.

Renamo, in fact, seems unbeatable, which is why the archbishop of Maputo, José María dos Santos, recently issued a pastoral letter making an impassioned plea for negotiations with the rebels, saying that the only way peace could come to this stricken land was by establishing a "dialogue" with Renamo. Archbishop dos Santos's appeal for negotiations, signed by nine bishops—which caused an absolute uproar in Maputo—was greeted in America by a news blackout. The Anglican Church also supports negotiations. In private, so does Zimbabwe's President Robert Mugabe. For Zimbabwe will never have its secure corridor to the sea as long as there is war in Mozambique.



"I don't know what I like less. Foreign competition, corporate raiders, or Indian attacks."

When in Maputo

IT IS NOTEWORTHY also that the new U.S. ambassador to Mozambique, Melissa Wells, aping her Marxist hosts, calls the insurgents "bandits," whereas Archbishop dos Santos in his pastoral letter called them by their proper name, Renamo, the Mozambique National Resistance. Actually, the government unfailingly calls the rebels *bandidos armados*, "armed bandits," which, since few bandits operate by means of moral suasion, seems a pejorative code for what the government fully recognizes to be an organized insurgency.

To the central question, Are the armed bands roving Mozambique indeed bandits? the best answer would seem to be another question: Do bandits drink diesel oil? Bandits by definition are in it for the money. But oil from a blown-up pipeline just runs off into the ground—not a very profitable line of work for a bandit. One would think this sort of activity was rather obviously aimed at a completely different objective.

In recent months, Renamo has taken to conducting punitive raids across the border into Zimbabwe, leaving such messages on walls as: IF MUGABE INTERFERES WITH US, WE WILL INTERFERE WITH MUGABE. Over the Christmas holidays, a full 100 per cent of Zimbabwe's army had to be deployed along the Mozambique frontier, an extensive battle array to deploy against mere bandits.

Renamo had certainly blown the daylights out of one town I visited in Mozambique, a former district capital of perhaps five thousand inhabitants, now deserted except for a company of guerrilla infantry. There was not a roof in the whole town, not a pane of glass

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in the bullet-riddled buildings. The elegantly dressed Marxist-Leninist clique in Maputo—who claim the insurgency is entirely South Africa's doing—should see this ragtag Renamo army. The guerrillas are all in their late teens or early twenties. They have no uniforms and are dressed in all kinds of mad oddments of clothing; many are in sandals, some are barefoot. Their weapons are old Soviet AKs and grenade launchers, which they say they capture from demoralized government soldiers. Yet guerrilla morale seems high. For communication, the rebels I met used an ancient, hand-cranked radio-telephone. I saw only one motor vehicle, a motorcycle. The way you make your way through rebel territory in Mozambique is you walk. If South Africa is giving Renamo support it is doing so at an extremely low level.

Renamo would be doing even better if, like Savimbi in Angola and the Mujahedin in Afghanistan, it had the advantage of being on the Approved List of anti-Communist insurgencies receiving American heat-seeking Stinger missiles, which are at present wreaking havoc, for example, against MiGs and Soviet helicopter gunships in Afghanistan.

Why isn't Renamo on the Approved List? Is it Renamo's alleged ties to South Africa? Well, Jonas Savimbi in Angola gets infinitely more aid from Pretoria without tarnishing his reputation in Washington. Last fall South African artillery saved Savimbi's UNITA troops from a heavily armed and determined attack by Marxist-Leninist government forces in the area of the Lomba River. Also, Savimbi has a secure base at Jamba in southeast Angola for the simple reason—unofficial but not exactly the world's deepest secret—that South Africa provides it with air cover.

Is it that Renamo lacks "democratic credentials"? But what kind of democratic credentials do the Mujahedin in Afghanistan have? I have read Alfonso Dlakama's National Resistance Program as well as Renamo's Provisional Economic Manifesto, and they compare favorably with the "Constitution" of Savimbi's UNITA—far less a constitution than a political program: *Guerra e Morte ao Inimigo da Patria*! Renamo's growing ranks include many defectors from the ruling Frelimo clique in Maputo. A high Western diplomatic source, whom I cannot name, told me that the Frelimo clique has "conspicuously displayed its failure to win popular support."

Renamo's success has prompted some recent eddies, if not real movement. When I talked with him in Maputo, Chissano flatly refused to meet with representatives of Renamo, claiming for a time barely to know who they were. But during his recent visit to Washington, thanks to a vigorous briefing of President Reagan by Grover Norquist, advisor to Governor Pete du Pont, Chissano is said to have promised Ronald Reagan to talk with Renamo.

Stingers for Renamo

If Chissano has actually done so, it is a well-kept secret. During Melissa Wells's confirmation hearings, Senator Jesse Helms made an issue of the fact that Secretary of State George Shultz meets with the Communist-dominated African National Congress, but the State Department had no contact at all with the anti-Communist rebels in neighboring Mozambique. Word from within the National Security Council is that we are now at last considering high-level contact with Renamo.

The crucial policy question is when Renamo will make the Approved List of Reagan Doctrine insurgencies. "Just give us five Stingers and you will see!" a Renamo official said to me. Congressional support for sending Stingers to Renamo seems to be growing, some knowledgeable observers claiming that Renamo today is where Savimbi was two years ago.

The "weaning" policy, in my view, was giddily misguided from the start. Indeed, the Renamo rebellion has become increasingly popular in precisely the years that we have been doing all our weaning.

Continued American support for the tottering Maputo regime seems unlikely to persuade convinced Marxists to scrap an ideology and a Soviet lifeline that are its main assurances of remaining in power. And to expect them to institute democratic reforms *after* an economic recovery is, to say the least, naïve. In any case, recovery is not in the cards. Western investors will not invest, and Mozambique will not arise from the ashes, as long as the civil war goes on. And, far from abating, the rebellion is growing. □

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THE SUPREME COURT MONKEYS AROUND

In a recent decision the Supreme Court held that a Louisiana law requiring the teaching of "creation science" along with evolutionary biology violates the constitutional mandate against an "establishment of religion." The statute in question claimed only to advance a "balanced" view of the matters in controversy between two opposing, allegedly "scientific," views of the world. The Court decided 7 to 2 not to accept this argument. "Creation science," it said in effect, was a fig leaf for Biblical fundamentalism, and the purpose of the statute was to advance a religious point of view. The minority opinion, written by Justice Scalia and concurred in by Chief Justice Rehnquist, held that the Court had no business questioning the motives of the Louisiana legislators: if they said that their motives were secular and scientific the Court ought to accept their assertions at face value. At this point, let me say that I thoroughly agree with Justice Brennan and the majority: to reason as Scalia and Rehnquist do could justify nearly every Jim Crow law that was ever passed. Who ever heard of a literacy test in Alabama before 1965 that was not designed to keep black citizens from voting? The religious motives of the Louisiana law were equally transparent.

The argument here resembles that between the blind men examining the elephant. One feels the ear and the other the trunk, and neither can understand what the other is talking about. Let me illustrate. I recently saw a PBS series on evolution. A very distinguished scientist was asked about the "missing link" in the archaeological evidence that led from the higher anthropoid apes to man. He said there was no missing link: they were the same species. To prove his point, he showed a videotape of an Olympic gymnast doing his routines on the rings and on the parallel bars, and then one of an orangutan swinging from branch to branch in a forest. His conclusion was: See!

What I found particularly interesting was that the gymnast could do far more complicated transitions than the orangutan, partly because the human arm and shoulder are more complex than those of the ape. What was shocking, however, was the ignorant simplicity of the scientist. He did not understand that what his argument required was not to show the gymnast swinging, but to show the orangutan reading. Any man can go off on monkey business, as Gary Hart has so well demonstrated. But would Donna Rice go off with an orangutan, or an orangutan with Donna Rice? John Stuart Mill proved the superiority of Socrates to a pig, by pointing out that although Socrates well knew what were the pleasures of a pig, the pig did not know the pleasures of Socrates.

Those who maintain the thesis that all higher life emerged out of lower forms cannot argue on the basis of archaeological evidence alone. Structure —which is all that dead bones can tell us about—does not reveal the function of the living organism. And it is function alone—what the living animal actually does do and can do—that defines species. The problem with our evolutionary scientist is that he is blind to the genuine function of the living human, in contrast to the living ape. It is not the exclusion of the Biblical doctrine of creation from the classroom that is the primary ground for complaint, but the exclusion of man as a reasoning being—which means a being who, in the presence of those mysteries of life that science does not penetrate, may choose the path of faith. Precisely because the evolutionary scientist does not recognize man as Homo sapiens, he sees him as differing only in degree, not in kind, from an anthropoid ape. The misunderstanding we encounter here goes much deeper than the obvious question of evolution versus creation.

EDGAR LISTENS TO BACH WHILE HE EMPTIES THE GARBAGE...
...IT'S HIS WAY OF COMBINING THE SUBLIME WITH THE RIDICULOUS!
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Let us consider one of the notable forms of evolutionary thought of the nineteenth century: that of Karl Marx. According to Marx, all human consciousness is a by-product of the class struggle. Religion, philosophy, art, all reflect the "relations of production." All have the essential function of facilitating either the retention of class privileges, or their revolutionary overthrow. Freud, in a similar manner, sees all conscious thought as the expression of sublimated or suppressed desires, all of them ultimately erotic. Behavioral psychologists see all mental activity—including sense perception—as the transformed expression of nonmental biological events. There is no such thing as sight or hearing (much less thinking!): there is only visual behavior or aural behavior.

Every one of these doctrines asserts

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. Jaffa is Henry Salvatori Research Professor of Political Philosophy at Claremont-McKenna College and Claremont Graduate School.

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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1988

Fact Meets Fiction in CIA-Castro Thriller

By CASPAR W. WEINBERGER

In "Mongoose, R.I.P." (Random House, 322 pages, $17.95), the latest of the Blackford Oakes spy novels, we are treated to the extraordinarily ingenious imagination and the facile (though in this case, the considerably restrained) prose of William F. Buckley Jr., as he re-creates, and considerably enlarges upon, the days between the Cuban missile crisis and the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

This is one of the most exciting, rapidly paced and compelling of Mr. Buckley's

Bookshelf

"Mongoose, R.I.P."

By William F. Buckley Jr.

novels, and the plot is such an admixture of fact and fiction that there is both an immediacy and a seriousness far more evident than in the earlier Oakes stories, which were more purely fiction.

What we have here is that exceptionally vivid imagination of the author brought to bear on historical facts, and the result is a thoroughly fascinating exploration into what might have been, or perhaps what actually was—we are never quite sure. This book is so realistic, much of it seems like revisionist history. In fact, the author feels it necessary to advise readers at the end that it is a "work of fiction."

Mr. Buckley has imagined what might have happened if the Soviets had in fact not taken all their missiles out of Cuba when they promised to do so, but instead cheated, as they have so often done with their other agreements, by leaving one missile behind, hidden even from the Cubans. The essence of the intricate plot is what effect this rogue missile has on the Central Intelligence Agency's various plans to eliminate Fidel Castro.

These plans were assigned the code name Mongoose, and it must be reported that our side, and in fact even the ubiquitous Blackford Oakes, does not come out of this story with very much credit. Oakes, normally urbane and quite funny, and always resourceful and skilled, is distracted much of this book by the loss of his longtime companion, and virtual fiancee, Sally Partridge, to a handsome, but not fully realized Mexican attorney named Morales, who is also involved in helping the agency try to dispose of Castro. To be fair, Morales is not a fully realized character because he is not with us very long.

But there is a parade of Cuban resistance fighters, as well as several Castro intimates, and Castro himself, all of whom emerge from these pages as very human, flesh-and-blood characters with a few more than normal foibles.

The action races back and forth from Washington to Mexico to Cuba and Miami, and, since the author is so much at home in all these places, so is the reader.

Mr. Buckley conveys, with great deftness and economy of prose, atmosphere, attitudes and, above all, great tension and suspense. And the intermingling of fact, fiction and slightly twisted and expanded history is so extraordinarily well handled that an almost eerie sense of realism is imparted to the whole work. Indeed at one point William F. Buckley Jr. himself appears briefly, in the manner of Alfred Hitchcock's cameo appearances in his own films.

A short soliloquy, in which JFK reasons out his Cuban problems after the Bay of Pigs, is almost as authentic as a tape recording. While one is in no position to pass similar judgment on Castro's conversation as recorded here, it sounds the way one imagines Castro would talk when he is offstage.

Indeed that is the feature that makes the novel such a fine and exciting read. It is completely believable, and as fast-paced as a rapidly developing news story, with all the background usually missing from news stories filled in for us.

Castro, surprisingly enough, comes through rather better than one would have expected, although his more deplorable characteristics are not hidden and his judgment at the climactic moment is, shall we say, seriously flawed. But Castro survives all of Operation Mongoose's many facets, sometimes by what appears to be blind luck, sometimes by the operation of what we know is an intelligence service of some skill. And while Mr. Buckley fortunately is no John Le Carre, who always seems to delight in the blunders and weaknesses of our side, nevertheless "Mongoose, R.I.P." doesn't show our covert activities in the best light. But Mr. Buckley is dealing with history and, properly, he is willing only to substitute his imagination to add to history, and not to change it significantly.

Finally, a most welcome feature of this story, as has been the case with all of the Oakes series, is that the critically important, and frequently highly dangerous work that is done by our CIA and other intelligence people is treated with respect, quiet admiration, and with a full appreciation of its importance to our security. This is a first-class novel that offers the reader a generous illustration of its author's enormous skill in entertaining, instructing and ultimately fascinating us with his brilliance, which is the rare and welcome hallmark of Bill Buckley.

Mr. Weinberger is a former secretary of defense.

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THE ETERNAL LATIN AMERICAN CRISIS

ANYONE WITH eyes to see and ears to hear realizes that ever since its "liberation" 160 years ago, Latin America has been in a perpetual state of turmoil that has prevented it from producing truly stable, free, and democratic governments. Except for Brazil, which enjoyed a highly successful period of monarchy between 1822 and 1889, the emerging independent nations of Latin America adopted versions of the United States Constitution and struggled to imitate the form of government exemplified by the American and French republics. The cult of the French Revolution was especially strong; many of the new states even included the Phrygian cap, symbol of the French Revolution, in their coats of arms.

But the cultural presuppositions that ensured the success of the presidential republic in the U.S. are noticeably absent in Latin America: in country after country, an American-styled constitution would barely have been adopted before it was undermined and perverted. Latin Americans have no understanding of compromise as the term is used by Anglo-Saxons. The Spanish word *compromiso* means a fixed arrangement, a false cognate if ever there was one. Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* deplores the absence of strong values in American higher education and, by extension, in American culture. There is no such absence in Latin America. But we must remember that a value can be either good or evil: there are not only the values of Aristotle, Pascal, and Solzhenitsyn, but also those of Marx, Hitler, and Mao.

North America and Western Europe have applauded the turn to democracy of a number of Latin American countries in recent years. Yet these changes mean little to those of us familiar with the rhythm that has obtained in those countries for the last six or seven generations: first comes democracy, then chaos, then military dictatorship or popular tyranny, then back to democracy, chaos, military dictatorship, and so on. Latin America's three centuries of colonialism were more fruitful than the century and a half since independence. North American and European travelers go south to admire the architectural wonders that are the products of Spanish and Portuguese rule (or the earlier monuments of the pre-Discovery Aztec and Mayan civilizations). The sad record of the post-colonial governments was foreseen by the Argentinian revolutionary José de San Martín, who was convinced that the democratic republic was an unworkable form of government for Spanish America.

So it is not surprising that the latest elections in Argentina have shown the continued strength of Peronism, the fascistic movement that only the Argentine armed forces were able to remove from power. The new governor of the province of Buenos Aires, Antonio Cafiero, recently cheered the memory of Juan and Evita Perón. Indeed, there's no assurance that the next election will not bring the Peronists back to power nationally, just as free elections brought the National Socialists to power in Germany in 1933. What will the Argentine generals do then? Was it not the everlasting shame of the German army that it failed to halt the ascendancy of the Nazis? Will liberal democrats in Europe and America cheer or protest if the generals in Argentina ever make the move from which the German generals refrained until 1944, when it was too late?

In Brazil today we see a renewed enthusiasm for monarchy. A plebiscite will be held in 1993 to decide whether Brazil will be a parliamentary or a presidential republic, and one of the youngest deputies in the national assembly, Fernando Bolsoni of Pôrto Alegre, has proposed that monarchy be included as a third alternative. The monarchy, as I say, was a golden age for Brazil, and on my repeated visits there I have found ample evidence of nostalgia for it among the people.

Twenty-two other Brazilian deputies, including Cunha Bueno and Bernardo Cabral, have expressed sympathy for Bolsoni's initiative, and have so far collected some 45,000 signatures. I have before me clippings from a dozen Brazilian newspapers, all commenting on the possibility of a return to monarchy. After all, in the European countries where it still exists, constitutional monarchy has shown itself to be a stable and—believe it or not—firmly democratic institution.

IN LATIN AMERICA today, military dictatorships often provide greater personal security for ordinary people than democracies do. I would rather live in Chile than in Guatemala, Peru, or El Salvador. Uruguay's former President Juan Bordaberry believes that liberal democracies are incapable of coping with Marxist terrorists. What of the lack of freedom in Chile? Although it is the most reviled right-wing South American dictatorship, it has an opposition press, and, when an international congress of parliamentarians met in Santiago last September and demanded free elections for Chile, the Pinochet government made no move to disrupt their meeting. If those free elections were to occur, even their advocates admit that they might unleash extremism, violence, and chaos.

It is true that there are many fewer military regimes in Central and Latin America than there were when Ronald Reagan took office seven years ago. But it would be naïve to believe that all, or even most, of these fragile new democracies will survive long, given Latin America's turbulent post-colonial history, the temperament of its people, and Soviet-inspired Marxist adventurism. □

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NEUHAUS MADE EASY

Joseph Sobran

Kingdoms in Conflict, by Charles Colson (Morrow, 399 pp., $15.95)

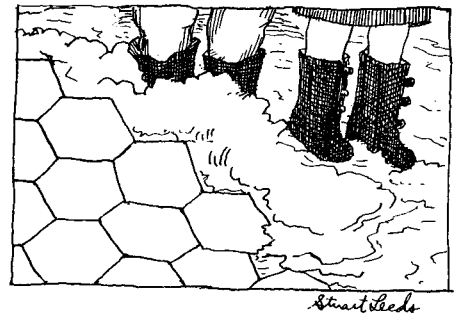
KINGDOMS IN CONFLICT is a magpie book, with a little of a lot of things: anecdotes, quotations, arguments, retellings of historical episodes, even a stretch of fiction. Charles Colson wants to do everything from arguing that God exists to pleading for prison reform.

The book opens with a dramatic what-if story: the U.S. is nearly drawn into an Armageddon in the Middle East because of the President's religious convictions. If a liberal had written that, the moral would be that It Can Happen Here. Colson is interested in the deeper question of whether it *should* happen here. What are the proper spheres and limits of religion and politics?

He is guided by Richard John Neuhaus's *The Naked Public Square*, and *Kingdoms in Conflict* is more or less a popular version of Neuhaus's thesis. He thinks liberal secularism has failed, but he also knows what can be said in favor of it. This is what makes his own book readable: he really is fair-minded, not perfunctorily evenhanded, and even when he has come down on one side he wants to put the other side's case as dramatically as he can. Sometimes Colson's formulations are trite or shallow. If you don't believe in God, his arguments won't make a believer of you. But he is intelligent, and he seldom writes a sentence you can't imagine someone looking you in the eye and speaking.

Colson admits the danger of confusing religion with politics, but he insists on the danger of their complete separation. In a chapter on William Wilberforce's campaign to abolish the slave trade, he cites defenders of the trade making the sort of arguments we are familiar with from other contexts. Some warned that the economy of England would suffer terribly if the trade were cut off. The Earl of Abingdon complained: "Humanity is a private feeling, not a public principle to act upon."

Colson rejects both "privatized faith and using political power to play God." As he understands Christianity, the kingdom of God has already come, and part of its purpose is to change human society. It can, should, and does produce political reform. Nevertheless, "a government official must not play God; one's duty is to facilitate government's ordained role of preserving order and justice, not to use government to accomplish the goals of the church." Caesar's claims are still respected, but "the church acts as the conscience of society."



Kingdoms in Conflict is interesting not so much for what it says or how it's written but because the author has put himself into it unreservedly. Nobody who reads it can doubt the sincerity of Colson's conversion. He doesn't strike pious poses. He keeps asking how best to apply Christianity to practical problems. It's his life. A note at the end of the book mentions that all proceeds from his books and speeches go to his charity, Prison Fellowship Ministries. He is frank about his own crimes as a White House aide, when he has occasion to refer to them.

It's hard to summarize a book that consists of nuggets, but this one has plenty of those. Most of them are case studies bearing on the state's relation to the church, such as the case of Marian Guinn, who sued the church she belonged to for accusing her (publicly and accurately) of fornication. She was awarded $390,000. One juror explained: "I don't see what right the church has to tell people how to live." Colson thinks the court violated religious freedom by denying the church's right to apply its standards to its own members. He quotes Neuhaus: "When an institution that is voluntary in membership cannot define the conditions of belonging, that institution in fact ceases to exist."

Of course part of the problem is that so many nominal Christians want it this way. Colson quotes Geraldine Ferraro, who said that her Catholicism was "very, very private." It sure was. Like so many liberals, she assumed that the Church would accept a completely subordinate place in the secu-

Nicholas Davidson is the author of The Failure of Feminism, *published this year by Prometheus Books.*

Henry Klingeman has written frequently for NATIONAL REVIEW.

Michael Lind is a law student at the University of Texas, Austin.

David Lipsky is a graduate student in the Writing Seminars at Johns Hopkins University. His fiction has appeared in The New Yorker *and* The Best American Short Stories of 1986.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST JANUARY TITLE: In *Mind Matters: How Mind and Brain Interact to Create Our Conscious Lives* (Houghton Mifflin/MIT, $17.95), Michael S. Gazzaniga presents an interesting study of the relationship between mental states, physiochemical fluctuations in the brain, and mood and anxiety. On his theory, much of human thought and feeling represents a sort of rationalization, in which the left-brain "interpreter" makes sense of bodily experience.

☐ SOME FEBRUARY TITLES: *Behind the Scenes: My Twenty Years with the Reagans* (Morrow, $17.95), by Michael K. Deaver with Mickey Herskowitz, may be moderately effective at what it was all too obviously intended for: that is to say, the paying off of legal bills.

Haing Ngor: A Cambodian Odyssey (Macmillan, $19.95), by Haing Ngor with Roger Warner, is a terrifying account of the author's four years as a "war slave" of the Khmer Rouge, as well as a fascinating explanation of how a gentle, civilized culture was transformed into a country of savagery and sadism.

With *The Culture of Terrorism* (South End Press, $12), Professor Noam Chomsky returns to condemn Ronald Reagan for his guilt in "150,000" deaths in Central America alone, the starving of the American poor, and the fattening of the American military establishment; and the American people themselves, for their acquiescence in a process of "historical amnesia" by which "we" are able to forget that Washington has subverted popular, elected governments in . . . Iran, Laos, *Nicaragua*! In Professor Chomsky's world, where the foregoing is considered "scholarship," they will be delighted to have him back.

In *Money and Class in America: Notes and Observations on Our Civil Religion* (Weidenfeld, $18.95), Lewis H. Lapham charges that "the rich" in the U.S. have "the temperaments of lizards," and that "the weight of objects rather than the force of ideas" prevails in American society, where "the selling of goods requires a talent for meretricious argument"; and he takes jabs at Henry Kissinger and Robert Gottlieb of *The New Yorker* (among others). Lapham is the author of *Fortune's Child* and the editor of *Harper's*.

The Last American Puritan: The Life of Increase Mather, 1639-1723 (Wesleyan, $35), by Michael G. Hall, is the first comprehensive biography of the New England divine to appear in forty-odd years, by the author of *Edward Randolph and the American Colonies, 1676-1703*. —CW

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lar order. She thought it was arrogant for a prince of the Church to set the public straight when she misrepresented Church teaching on abortion.

For many nominal Christians, faith is really just a cherished part—a sincerely cherished part, but only a part—of a way of life. They want to keep their faith integrated with that way of life but they also want the way of life for its own sake, and they are willing to adapt their faith to it. They aren't disturbed when the state does parallel things, nudging religion a little more into the background, so that that way of life isn't unduly disturbed. "The religion of the world," Newman called it, and it's always a pretty good counterfeit of Christianity.

Colson sounds like the kind of man who wants the real thing, not the counterfeit. He's willing to face the harder demands of faith. He doesn't use religion as a trapping for something else. I'm speaking of him *qua* author, of course; I can't say anything about him personally. His uncompromising way of thinking makes his book challenging.

But the question he hasn't got around to yet is how the churches' integrity can be kept if the day comes when most church members take the Ferraro view of the status of faith in society. A lot of bishops seem to share that view already. ☐

DEPARTMENT OF INJUSTICE

Henry Klingeman

The Tenth Justice: The Solicitor General and the Rule of Law, by Lincoln Caplan (Knopf, 340 pp., $19.95)

LINCOLN CAPLAN, a writer for *The New Yorker*, doesn't like the legal views and practices of Edwin Meese's Justice Department: Justice has "exhausted the supply of synonyms for extremism in the law," he writes. Caplan concentrates his fire on the office of the solicitor general, which he accuses the Reagan Administration of fatally corrupting.

While the solicitor general's duties are fairly obscure to most laymen, he is the Federal Government's main advocate before the Supreme Court. Not only does he argue more cases before the High Court than anyone else, but even more importantly, the Court agrees to hear many more of the cases recommended by him than of those brought by other advocates. Several prominent legal figures of the last half-century have held the job: Robert Jackson, Archibald Cox, Erwin Griswold, Robert Bork.

Conservatives in the Reagan Justice Department, Caplan says, have squandered the respect and influence the solicitor general's office had accumulated during the hundred-plus years of its existence. By working to advance a political agenda—attempting to persuade the Court to reverse its recent precedents on abortion, affirmative action, protection of defendants, and church-state relations—Reagan's solicitors general have, says Caplan, diminished the stature of the office in the eyes of both the Supreme Court and the larger legal community.

Caplan draws much of his support for this harsh assertion from anonymous sources. An unidentified Supreme Court clerk, for example, says the solicitor general's "office doesn't seem to be a place where integrity reigns." However, the objective evidence suggests that the Reagan Administration has been at least as successful as prior Administrations in persuading the Court to accept its views.

The first step is being heard. In 1985, Solicitor General Charles Fried persuaded the Court to hear his cases 83 per cent of the time. His predecessor, Rex Lee, had a similar average during his tenure, and even Caplan has to concede that "the SG's performance has only rarely reached this level."

As for the allegation that the Reagan team's agenda has led to a counter-productive divisiveness within the Court itself, the Warren Era and the reaction to it had already seen to that, long before 1981. Caplan reports that

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during the whole nineteenth century, only one case was decided by a single vote. During the Burger years, more cases were decided by a bare majority than ever before. It's not just the Reaganites, in other words, who have fostered sharply divided opinions on the big questions of the day.

Much of Caplan's argument is made by means of anecdote, and a funerary pair of stories gives a perhaps unintentionally evenhanded picture. In discussing the on-going debate over *Roe* v. *Wade*, Caplan derisively tells how "a pro-life clergyman publicly urged a prayer for the death of Justice William Brennan as part of the answer to the country's abortion problem." But it is not only right-to-lifers who turn to religion to solve their judicial problems. Caplan quotes Philip Elman, who was a lawyer in the solicitor general's office in the Fifties, and an intimate friend of Felix Frankfurter. Elman recalls that when Chief Justice Fred Vinson, a major latter-day supporter of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* (the 1896 separate-but-equal decision), died in 1953, Frankfurter, who had been itching to overturn *Plessy*, described Vinson's death as "the first solid piece of evidence I've ever had that there really is a God."

Caplan is good at catching inconsistencies and contradictions in Justice Department arguments. On the other hand, settling apparent inconsistencies and contradictions in legal interpretations is what we have lawsuits for. The trouble with Caplan is that he imputes bad faith, and for this he offers little proof but his store of anecdotes. In fact, it would be easy to criticize Caplan's own bad faith, which appears now and again in subtle ways. He describes Franklin Roosevelt's Court-packing scheme, which would have shredded the Constitution more effectively than even Oliver North is supposed to have done, merely as "audacious" and "questionable." He refers to Alger Hiss as "the central figure in a perjury trial of the 1950s," which is like describing Willie Mays as an outfielder in San Francisco during the 1960s.

Caplan's solution to the problems he discerns in the Justice Department? An "independent" solicitor general—an idea floated in a document written by Carter Administration Justice Department lawyers in 1977. The "independent" solicitor general would act essentially like a "tenth justice" for the Court, interpreting cases and law without being subject to the political pressures often felt by Justice Department lawyers.

But not, of course, without being subject to political pressure. *The Tenth Justice* itself is part of the rising tide of liberal resentment against conservative legal arguments. In truth, there is division within the Right over what constitutes coherent legal theory. But, in what ought to be a purely intellectual setting, to react to conservative discussions with this sort of liberal partisanship is irresponsible, to say the least. □

GENDER IDEOLOGY

Nicholas Davidson

Feminism and Freedom, by Michael Levin (Transaction Books, 490 pp., $39.95)

FEMINISM IS the gender ideology of our society. For confirmation of this, one has only to consider Robert Bork hastily backtracking on "women's rights" or Ronald Reagan making sure his first Supreme Court appointment went to a woman. While dozens of feminist books appear each month, works critical of feminism have been as rare as hens' teeth. Into this situation steps philosopher Michael Levin with *Feminism and Freedom*, a work that challenges our gender orthodoxy at every level.

Critical to the current orthodoxy is the notion that "the sexes are in everything inherently alike." Levin shows that, in reality, there has never been a sexually egalitarian or matriarchal society anywhere; reports of such are myths, constructed on the basis of pathetically weak evidence. Patriarchy is the natural and universal condition of human society, and rests on immutable biological differences between males and females.

Sex differences in the human brain have been extensively studied. These range from receptor points in male brains for the hormones implicated in aggression and dominance behavior, to the discovery that there are major differences between men and women in the structure of such critical brain areas as the hypothalamus, the amygdala, and the corpus callosum.

Conclusive confirmation of the be-

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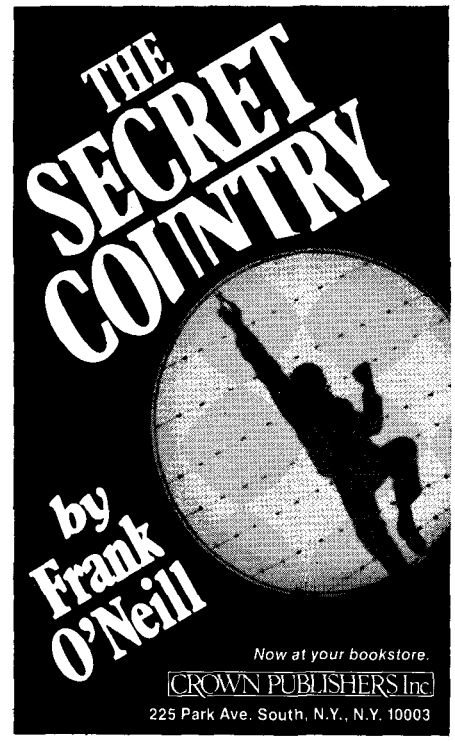

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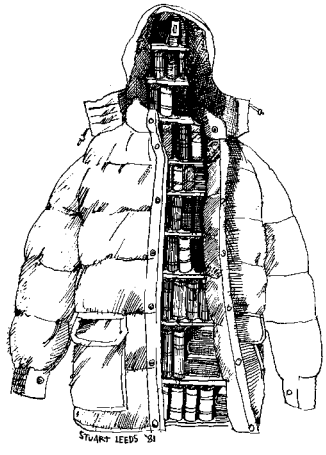
havioral results of such differences comes from studies of girls who, through rare genetic anomalies, have been exposed to male testosterone levels in the womb. These girls dominate groups of females to which they belong, fantasize about careers rather than marriage and motherhood, and reject doll play in favor of boys' games like baseball and football.

Because feminism's unisexist ideology is incompatible with human nature, society will never conform to the feminist ideal of its own accord. Feminists are obliged to mobilize the coercive machinery of the state in pursuit of their goals. It is the unique virtue of Levin's book to document the degree of mobilization that has been reached.

"Affirmative action" is now ubiquitous in American life. Under the federal gun, corporations, universities, and state and local governments devote enormous amounts of time and money to identifying and selectively promoting less-qualified females at the expense of better-qualified males. Levin calculates the resulting net loss in the productivity of American business, which may reach as high as 36 per cent. (Needless to say, the Japanese have no such problem.) That reverse discrimination can on balance benefit women is illusory: when you penalize a man, you also penalize his wife and children. "Affirmative action" is thus best conceived not as an aid to women but as an assault on the traditional family.



That the traditional family is being reduced to an alternative lifestyle is clearly seen in today's school textbooks. In typical texts, the girls are competent and aggressive, while the boys are timid and passive. Motherhood is never depicted as a desirable occupation for women. Indeed, things have reached the point where everything is much as it was, "except that the boys are given girls' names and long hair while the girls are given boys' names and short hair."

Government at all levels heavily promotes the once-radical feminist agenda. Thus, the Iowa Code, Section 257.25, paragraph 1, requires that "a multicultural, nonsexist approach [be] used by school districts." Evaluation is mandated of "each pupil's progress" in learning that the English language exhibits "sexism and cultural, racial bias." Not to be outdone, the Federal Government disburses millions of dollars to feminist organizations through such departments as the Women's Educational Equity Act Program (WEEAP). WEEAP also publishes books such as *Teacher Skill Guide for Combating Sexism* and *Physical Educators for Equity*.

Under threat of losing the federal funding to which they have become completely addicted, all American universities maintain affirmative-action offices. Such offices are typically headed by a full-time faculty member who is relieved of all teaching duties in order to combat "sex discrimination." Universities have been obliged to give tenure to feminist faculty under court order or the threat of it. James Dinnan, a University of Georgia professor who refused to disclose his vote in one contested tenure decision, was sentenced to ninety days for contempt of court; the Supreme Court refused to hear his case.

Most campuses now feature so-called "Women's Studies" departments, which proselytize lesbianism and replace classroom standards with, in the words of one of their advocates, "credit for social-change activities or for life experiences, contracts for self-grading, diaries and journals, even meditation and ritual." "Sexual harassment" laws are becoming a reality in universities and corporations. Under these laws, a man who asks a woman for a date might be committing a civil-rights offense.

The sheer insanity of the feminist program—and the extent to which it is now established as a social norm—is most glaringly apparent in the military. In 1970, the U.S. military was slightly over 1 per cent female; today it is over 10 per cent female. (By contrast, the Soviet forces are 0.2 per cent female.) Because women are too weak physically to cope with the ordinary tasks of soldiering, standards of training have been lowered. Only 3 per cent of female soldiers are strong enough to accomplish the routine heavy tasks, like carrying ammunition boxes, that are essential in combat. At any given moment, 10 per cent of military women are pregnant, and a comparable number are nursing infants. In a modern war, with its lack of a front line, any soldier is likely to be called upon to fight. American men are evidently content to let young women with babies fight on their behalf.

Viewed as a whole, *Feminism and Freedom* demonstrates that feminism is no longer a threat, but a fact—indeed, perhaps the central fact of American life today. This essential book provides a unique panorama of Feminist America and a closely argued critique of an ideology that currently compels even its most determined opponents to pay lip service to its tenets. It is time to start refusing to do so, and *Feminism and Freedom* shows us how. □

OUT BACK OF BEYOND

Chilton Williamson Jr.

One Life at a Time, Please, by Edward Abbey (Holt, 225 pp., $17.95)

NEAR THE beginning of that monumental berg of English literature, *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, Charles M. Doughty remarks that "for the rest the sun made me an Arab, but never warped me to Orientalism." Similarly, it might be said of Edward Abbey—novelist, naturalist, essayist, and journalist—that, in his forty years in the deserts of the American Southwest, the sun has never warped him to Occidentalism, he being an enemy of the technological, industrializing, and expansionist spirit of the West, as well as of the bolo-tied, Cadillac- and Cessna-propelled Western agribusinessmen who, along with their counterparts in the real-estate and extractive-mining industries, are currently laying claim to his favorite stalking grounds, from Lame Deer, Montana, to Wolf Hole, Arizona. Who but Ed Abbey would fly from Tucson to the University of Montana at Missoula to deliver an address before five or six hundred cowboys, cowgirls, local ranchers, and "instant rednecks" (i.e., transplanted Easterners) titled "Free Speech: The Cowboy and His Cow" and demanding the immediate removal of all domestic animals ("these ugly, clumsy,

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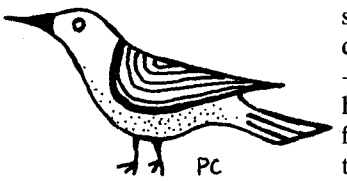
stupid, bawling, stinking, fly-covered, shit-smeared, disease-spreading brutes") from the public range?

Abbey, who was raised on a poor sidehill farm in Pennsylvania, is appalled by cities: his idea of a good place to live (near) is Moab, Utah (pop. approx. 5,000), fifty miles or so from the confluence of the Green and Colorado Rivers. An uncompromising "environmentalist," he loves watercourses, deserts, and rocks, and is a compulsive hugger of trees, in which his tastes are as catholic as Don Giovanni's though he probably prefers the juniper above all others ("that lone juniper, the hard turquoise-blue berries shining on the dark green of its foliage, the cedar-like incense of its red-lined bark, the twisted form of its trunk and the cockeyed upreach of its limbs, the look of things that live for five hundred years—and go on living"). He loves the American West, not primarily for its legend, its history, its people past or present (Abbey would agree with Charles Marion Russell, the cowboy artist, that the pioneers of glorious memory were simply people who "destroy[ed] things and call[ed] it civilization"), but for the country itself. Yet there is much human warmth in Edward Abbey's books, and a genuine, even passionate, appreciation of human community—if not of the nation-state which, in his opinion, can "go hang" itself. The eagle, though living distantly, has a keen and watchful eye: unlike the "instant redneck," Abbey, in his aerie, has not said goodbye to all that. He keeps up. He has just said no to living there.

Abbey's position in regard to the national political scene is of relatively long tradition and strongly to the point: "A plague on both your houses!" "Them liberals," he quotes his Arizona neighbor as saying, "can't say the word *shit* even when their mouths is full of it." But don't call him a conservative, either. For Edward Abbey, a "conservative" is a person who cannot bring himself to criticize (or countenance criticism of) the contemporary democratic-capitalist system in America on the ground that to do such a thing is to give aid and comfort to America's totalitarian enemies; who is, moreover, unable (or unwilling) to recognize that, as he expresses it ("A Writer's Credo"), "the Soviet Union and the United States, while by no means morally equivalent, are basically similar in structure and purpose. Both societies are dedicated to nationalism, militarism, industrialism, technology, science, organized sport, and, above all, to the religion of growth—of endless expansion in numbers, wealth, power, time, and space." True fact, Ed. In both countries we witness what Evelyn Waugh once called "the modern world in arms."



Like Waugh, Abbey as a social critic is primarily concerned with the need for a restitution of the fulcrum between pre-civilized and post-civilized barbarity. He likes his nature savage, but not his fellow citizens. He is against immigration to this country, for example, for the bluntly stated reason that "these uninvited millions bring with them an alien mode of life which —let us be honest about this—is not appealing to the majority of Americans. Why not? Because we prefer democratic government, for one thing; because we still hope for an open, spacious, uncrowded, and beautiful—yes, beautiful!—society, for another. The alternative, in the squalor, cruelty, and corruption of Latin America, is plain to see." (But is it plain to the general run of American politicians? Apparently not. "The conservatives love their cheap labor; the liberals love their cheap cause."—"Immigration and Liberal Taboos.") On the other hand, we in the United States (really, in the "civilized" world) seem intent upon rebarbarizing ourselves. "Never before in history have slaves been so well fed, thoroughly medicated, lavishly entertained—but we are slaves nonetheless. Our debased popular culture —television, rock music, home video, processed food, mechanical recreation, wallboard architecture—is the culture of slaves" ("Theory of Anarchy").

Barbarism and idolatry being universally conjoined, it is not surprising that Abbey should identify "Technology" and "Growth" as the foremost idols to preside over our cultural disintegration. "The carefree exuberance of a wildly successful nation, dedicated to the youthful proposition that too much is not enough, is destroying the basis of our wealth and happiness" ("San Francisco Journal"); "Growth

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for the sake of growth is the ideology of the cancer cell" ("Arizona: How Big Is Big Enough?"); "It should be clear to everyone by now that crude numerical growth does not solve our chronic problems of unemployment, welfare, crime, traffic, filth, noise, squalor, the pollution of our air, the poisoning of our water, the corruption of our politics, the debasement of the school system. . . . Far from solving such problems, industrial expansion and population growth only make them worse" (*ibid.*). For Abbey, the contemporary heresy is a seemingly irresistible tendency "to overcomplicate life and oversimplify nature" ("Round River Rendezvous: The Rio Grande"). It is the fatal temptation to treat the real as an abstraction, and to insist upon the abstract as the primary reality.

Fortunately, even at the fag-end of the twentieth century, there is solace. Better still, there is *reality*—and of course it is this solace, this reality, that Edward Abbey is justly celebrated for having made the subject of his many books and essays. He is, first and foremost, a prose poet: nobody captures the *literalness* of the Western landscape and its components better than he does, and I cannot think, off hand, of anyone who does it so well. Nor does anyone conjure up as strikingly its felt presence, or spirit:

> The odor of crushed sage in the hand. The fragrance of burning juniper. A mountain lion crouched on a canyon ledge. The word *canyon* itself. One black vulture soaring in lazy circles above the burning hills and ice-cream-tinted folds of the Painted Desert. Red mountains like mangled iron rising beyond dunes of golden sand. Stone ruins nestled in an alcove of a cliff. The cry of a coyote—first one, then a second, then a chorus as a full moon the color of a blood orange sinks below the skyline. . . . The clank of a turning windmill near an abandoned, broken-down corral. The smell of horse dung. The smell of horses. And . . .
>
> —"Wild Horses"

And . . . As another enemy of the abstract, another lover of the real (William Faulkner) might have said: "Oleh, Chief. Grandfather." □

KRAMER VERSUS

David Lipsky

The New Criterion Reader: The First Five Years, edited by Hilton Kramer (Free Press, 429 pp., $24.95)

WHEN, IN 1982, Hilton Kramer left his position as chief art critic for the *New York Times*, many of his friends suggested that where he should go was to the nearest psychiatrist. After all, in leaving the *Times*, Kramer was abandoning a post of considerable prestige and leverage. Still, leave it he did. He was determined to start a new monthly, *The New Criterion*. The reason? " 'The real reason for instituting [the] new publication is the disgusting and deleterious doctrines with which the most popular of our Reviews disgraces its pages,' " the editors put it in their first issue, quoting Sir Walter Scott. They went on, "The dishonesties and hypocrisies and disfiguring ideologies that nowadays afflict the criticism of the arts are deeply rooted in both our commercial and our academic culture. . . . It is therefore all the more urgent that a dissenting critical voice be heard, and it is for the purpose of providing such a voice that *The New Criterion* has been created."

What Kramer communicated to his staff at *The New Criterion* (the original *Criterion* was the magazine T. S. Eliot ran in London after the First World War) was an art critic's passion for apprehending distinctions. Thus Jed Perl describes the "new photo art" of Sherrie Levine as "photographic reproductions of art-book reproductions of German Expressionist paintings (yes, you have read this statement correctly)." The sly charm of the final parenthesis gives a good sense of *The New Criterion*'s style. Its authors are never quite willing to take the risk that an irony may be missed, just as they are never completely comfortable giving anyone the benefit of the doubt. In a culture where that benevolence is rather too freely and too frequently awarded, it is a pleasure to see it being intelligently withheld.

All of which brings us to the present volume, *The New Criterion Reader: The First Five Years*. Early on, the magazine's editors identified many of the problems of contemporary culture as arising from the "political impulse that derived from the radical movements of the 1960s and [is] now an institutionalized component of cultural life." It is because of this "component," for example, that critics in the academic journal *Art History* can refer to the National Gallery's Post-Impressionism show as an intellectual power play by "1950s hegemonists, power elitists, and upper-class Americans with interests in shaping foreign policy." It is because of this "politicizing impulse" that Harvard can choose to appoint the Marxist art critic T. J. Clark to an important chair, even though, as Kramer puts it, "he clearly cannot find anything worth looking at in a painting if it fails to denote . . . evidence of social conflict." The unfocused radicalism of the Sixties (if the colonists of the 1770s had had as much energy, they'd probably have annexed England as well) scuttled into the universities and, like a hermit crab, found there a comfortable home, while cynically communicating its rage to a new generation of students. The idea seems to have been that if these academics could not enlist the majority of Americans behind their causes, they could at least enlist the majority of books, though one wonders whether, like stealing the names from tombstones for use in elections, such involuntary conscription shouldn't be in some way illegal.

The New Criterion has consistently been willing to approach the positions of current culture-speak head on, without being intimidated by its large array of terms. Unlike computer-speak, which aims for greater degrees of simplicity, academic culture-speak has always aimed for greater degrees of complexity, as if trying to hide within the turns of a verbal labyrinth the fact that there is no minotaur; with its own prose, as precise as a pinprick, *The New Criterion* has argued by ex-

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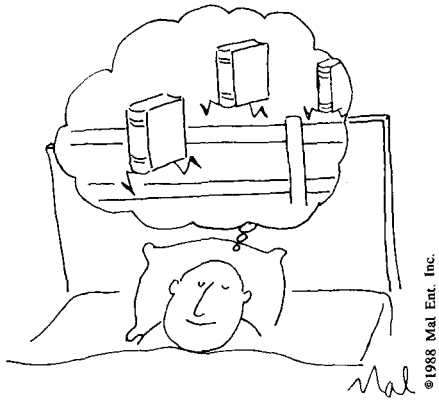
ample as well as by argument. Of the more than 45 articles in *The New Criterion Reader*, fully one-quarter deal with problems of culture-speak. Roger Kimball finds it in a recent PBS special, where architects offer "misty 'philosophical' observations" about their attempts to "destabilize the notion of home," and where they decide that as "a narrative art . . . architectural style is analogous to poetic diction." Kimball remarks, "It was sometimes easy to forget, watching *Pride of Place*, that architecture primarily has to do with building buildings."

The literary critic Bruce Bawer uncovers this mentality as it begins to slip into language. Reviewing last year's PBS series *The Story of English*, Bawer finds a "desperately misguided stab at egalitarianism" in the program's refusal to endorse a "correct" brand of English, to differentiate between "the changes in English introduced by Shakespeare, who broadened and deepened the language's expressive range, and those introduced by street kids, say, or surfers, whose jargon renders them incapable of discussing anything more subtle or complicated than a street fight or a good wave." Robert MacNeil, the show's host, routinely praises "surfers" and "Valley girls" for their innovations in English, then goes on, in the series' most cynical segment, to come out strongly in favor of Black English. MacNeil first suggests that "one 'variety' of language is as good as another," then implies that, because "the streets of the ghetto have been one of the great recent phrase and word factories of English," therefore "the street kids who speak Black English are more vitally involved with language than are the English teachers who would have them adopt Standard English." Asks Bawer, "Would MacNeil and company want their own children to talk this way? . . . Would [they] hire a [street kid] to write one of their documentaries? That their lack of fluency in Standard English all but guarantees that these street kids will grow into street adults seems not to have disturbed MacNeil."

The New Criterion Reader also contains a number of first-rate critical pieces—Cynthia Ozick's review of Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise* particularly stands out—but it is for these more combative pieces that the collection shines. The authors simply demand that people be responsible for



what they say. That when an academic accuses the universities of "speciesism" and another seconds this call for greater "animality" in the humanities, they be aware of just how ridiculous they sound. That when Allen Ginsberg writes scores of poems implying that "six billionaires" control America, that the same entity governs Russia and America, and that a single, overworked person "writes and edits *Time Newsweek Wall Street Journal Pravda*," we can ask, "Does Ginsberg believe in the literal truth of all these accusations of conspiracy?" The question *The New Criterion* persistently asks is, Is what you said really what you mean? That this should indeed strike one as a "new criterion" makes clear why *The New Criterion Reader*, and the magazine it was culled from, are in the present climate essentially indispensable. □

THE THIRD WAY

Michael Lind

Archer in the Marrow: The Applewood Cycles, 1967-1987, by Peter Viereck (Norton, 260 pp., $14.95)

THERE ARE two Peter Vierecks—or are there? In his astonishing poetic sequence *Archer in the Marrow*, the Pulitzer Prize-winning poet deals with favorite concerns in a style familiar to those who know Viereck primarily as a political polemicist.

Viereck, an historian at Mount Holyoke now in his eighth decade, helped define the "New Conservatism" of the early Fifties with his *Conservatism Revisited* (1949) and *Conservatism: From John Adams to Churchill* (1956). Somewhat like George Will today, Viereck argued for the compatibility of Tory paternalism and New Deal statism; he praised Metternich, voted for Stevenson, and waited for the *gauche* Right mustered by the young Wm. F. Buckley Jr. to go away. Instead, it was Viereck who went away, retiring from conservative debate around the time he cast his Tory vote for Kennedy.

If Viereck the polemicist has long since fallen silent, Viereck the poet has come into his own. *Archer in the Marrow*, the product of two decades of invention and revision, is Viereck's bid for a place in the American pantheon. The bid is a daring one, particularly because the form he has chosen —the philosophical poem—has been a siren shipwrecking poets from Hesiod and Lucretius to Wordsworth. Not even the artistry of Dante and Goethe could have saved their masterworks from tedium without the interest of characters and the impulse of drama.

Viereck should have learned from their example. His poem is a collection of 18 allegorical morality plays, linked by a dialogue among three personae: Father, Son, and "You." The scene shifts from Land's End to Gethsemane; characters include a lungfish avatar of "You" and a voluble potato. Were it not for Viereck's taut prosody and jazzy diction, *Archer* would be incomprehensible and dull; as it is, it is incomprehensible and intriguing.

In his metrical traditionalism and his use of Christian symbols in a portmanteau philosophy of his own, Viereck resembles Yeats, whom Viereck extols as a model for future poets in an essay appended to his poem. Lines like: "*Are we waltzers or waltz?*" and, "*Am I the stone, the slinger, or the sling?*" are among the less subtle echoes of the Yeatsian music. At his best, Viereck can make the language sing as few contemporary poets can:

> *If blossoms could blossom*
> *One petal of petals*
> *To whom all other blooms are*
> *As leaves are to flowers,*
> *It would be to the others*
> *As you are, my daughter,*
> *To all other daughters*
> *Whom songs are adoring.*

Viereck is more at home with the epigrammatic than the elegiac: "*Whose vision is it, yours or mine, that garbles? / Men see marble, God sees marbles.*"

More is required of a philosopher in verse than the ability to write masterly

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lyrics. Viereck's philosophy—whether in poetry or in polemics—can be summed up, in Viereck's own phrase, as the Third Way. He explains in a preface that his poem "gropes for a third way. Gods being your own projections, only man's free choice can combine earth's Hellenic and Hebraic halves, Dionysus with Jesus, Aphrodite with Eve . . ." The poem concludes with the fusion of Christian transcendence and Dionysian immanence: "*Look: goatfoot Jesus on the village green.*"

To personify complex traditions in cartoons and then to combine them in chimerical images is characteristic of Viereck, who, as the "New Conservative" and "Manhattan classicist," found no debate so irresolvable it could not be mooted by an oxymoron. In his political essays he relied on personification (e.g., Babbitt Jr., a caricature of left-liberal Fifties intellectuals) and on aphorism ("Anti-Catholicism is the anti-Semitism of the intellectuals") to do the work of argument. The following, from his "Appendix: Form in Poetry," is Viereckism distilled: "Just as rooted lawful liberty is equally betrayed by reactionary authoritarianism and by its consequence, radical anarchy, so aesthetic form is equally betrayed by the anarchic formlessness of the barbaric yawpers and by the dead formalism of the elegant wincers."

That his faith in a higher third choice transcending and reconciling every opposition was identified by Carl Schmitt as characteristic of German Romanticism looks like cosmic irony when one remembers that Viereck began his career as a conservative with his first (and worst) book, *Metapolitics: From the Romantics to Hitler* (1940). Like another literary conservative, Irving Babbitt (no kin to Babbitt Jr.), Peter Viereck rebelled against a Romantic father, in his case the formidable George Sylvester Viereck, a prominent German-American poet and publicist who founded *The Fatherland* in 1914 and opposed U.S. entry into the Second World War. Babbitt, to the dismay of his disciple T. S. Eliot, was never able to return closer to Christian roots than belief in a vaguely Buddhist "inner check"; Viereck, however, seems to have made his way slowly back to the heritage from which he broke as a young man: the heritage of German Romanticism.

The search for a third way beyond the polarities of spirit and matter, evolution and eternity, form and content, brings to mind Schelling and Hegel. "*You've stuffed with 'God' the sky that left you friendless, / You taxidermists of the empty Endless*"—Viereck echoes Feuerbach. Theology will be unmasked as anthropology; alienation will be overcome through the reconciliation of paganism and Christianity: these are among the themes of *Archer in the Marrow*. By one of the most curious reversals in American intellectual history, the youthful admirer of Metternich has aged into a Left Hegelian. The elderly Viereck has arrived at the starting-point of the young Marx. □

FILM

THE MEDIUM IS THE MESS

John Simon

THE TEMPTATION to overpraise *Broadcast News* is great, but it mustn't lead us into the opposite temptation of underpraising it. I went expecting the worst, for James L. Brooks, who wrote and directed, was similarly responsible for the odious *Terms of Endearment*. Almost as if in reaction to the consummate speciousness of that movie, Brooks here devises a panegyric to honesty, as confused as it is fanatical, that does the film more harm than good. Luckily, there is enough else to save *Broadcast News* from drowning in its self-righteousness.

The central figure is Jane Craig, a producer of network news in Washington, a career woman and job-absorbed perfectionist, not so much sexually liberated as liberated from sex. Her work consumes her; yet sometimes she disconnects the phone to let her emotions—or frustrations—burst out as a quivering mixture of laughter and tears. The rest of the time, Jane is relentless in her pursuit of as much truth as a superficial and gimmicky medium allows; and though she thinks she despises the frills, she secretly enjoys even them. Like her laughter and tears, Jane is a mixed bag, and the more real for it.

To one side of her stands her longtime friend and co-worker, Aaron Altman, Pulitzer Prize-winning on-camera reporter, with great background knowledge, sangfroid, and ready wit, but quite unsuited for his dream of becoming an anchorman. For that, he hasn't the looks, suavity, and pseudosolicitude. He and his epigrams are not casually charming, not photogenic. So, although Jane and he make a terrific work team and fine platonic friends, he dare not begin to admit his feeling for her.

To Jane's other side is Tom Grunick, Aaron's antithesis: a blond, good-looking WASP, not very bright but eager to learn, aware of his limitations and not really a bad egg. He knows that his looks and laid-back way of hustling got him where he is—a young Washington anchorman going places—and he is neither arrogant nor falsely modest. He, too, wants Jane, and much as she, reluctantly, ends up reciprocating, something always gets in their way.

Tom, who has to learn everything from Jane and Aaron, ends up coaching his much smarter rival in anchormanship, but it doesn't work. Meanwhile the network, facing severe cutbacks, fires a good many people, even as some few are promoted. And that is what story there is, but it keeps things rolling. *Broadcast News* is not a trenchant satire on television news—and, beyond that, on television—but it is an amused, ironic, often deflating look at what goes on behind the scenes or screens. The writer-director, who used to direct the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*, knows whereof he speaks as long as he sticks to the world of TV; only when he tries to impose some improbable moral laws on his characters does he lose his footing, and the film falters.

But the movie has a lot more going for it than its insider's view. There is consistently clever, often very funny dialogue that makes its points without pushing, sometimes perhaps too subtly for the average moviegoer; there is remarkably smooth direction by Brooks; and there is, not merely in the principal roles, first-rate acting. The only real flaws are a supererogatory prologue (our leads as youngsters) that is forced and cute, and an even more expendable epilogue (our leads years later) that is forced and drab, even though, I am told, Brooks toiled over it for several months.

Dialogue. A woman subordinate, emotionally, to Jane: "I've got to tell you something. Except for socially,

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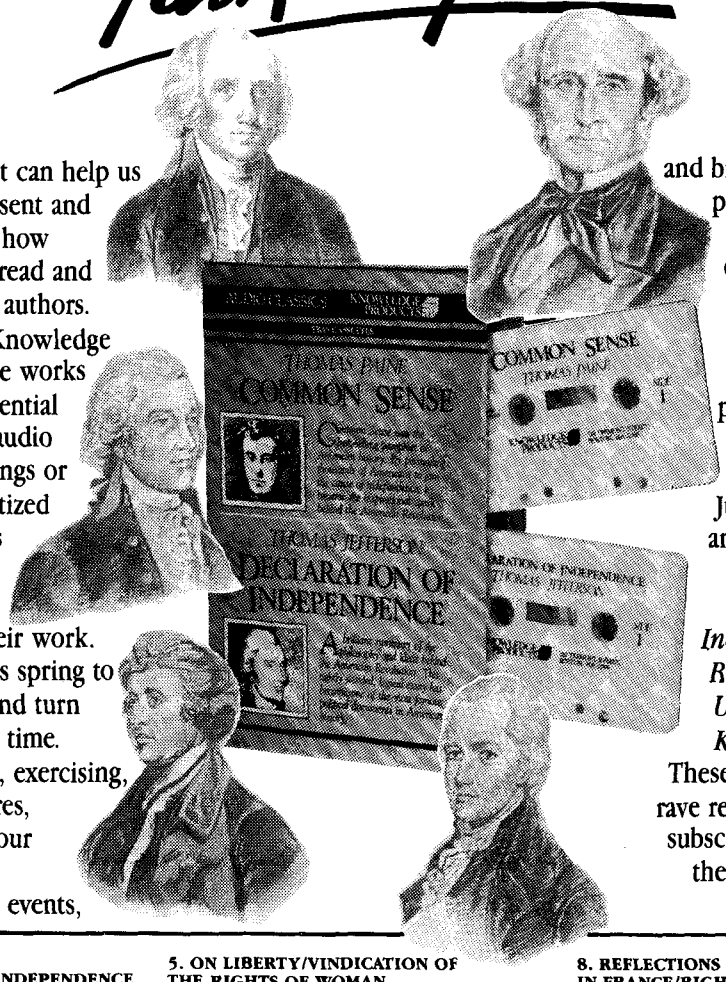

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you're my role model." An executive, fired in the cutbacks after years of good work, to his boss: "I'm just old enough to be flattered by the term 'early retirement.'" "That's wonderful! Now, if there's anything *I* can do for you . . ." "I certainly hope you die soon." Her boss, sarcastically, to Jane: "It must be nice to always believe you're the smartest person in the room." To which Jane, vehemently: "No, it's awful." Tom: "I'm no good at what I'm being a success at." The jokes don't shout and gesticulate at you; they stay in character, even if the characters sometimes don't.

As for the acting, Holly Hunter manages admirably to teeter between work-mad sexlessness and nascent feminine longings, also between hoydenishness and winsome vulnerability. She is so tiny and William Hurt so tall that I often felt I was watching a split screen, yet her intensity easily projects into the farthest reaches of the frame. Hurt gives one of his best performances as a fellow in whom good and not so good are so thoroughly scrambled that his every move keeps us guessing, yet we always get something human and credible. Of course, most of this is in the writing, but it requires deft histrionic shading not to let the design down.

THE RIGHT BOOKS / WAYNE LUTTON

MOST AMERICANS have never heard of the Institute for Policy Studies. Yet, as the respected national-security analyst Samuel T. Francis recently pointed out, "IPS is probably the major center of left-wing activism in the United States. It has extensions into the media, political campaigns, the Congress, and federal policy-making institutions."

Mr. Francis's view is confirmed by Scott Steven Powell in his important new book, *Covert Cadre: Inside the Institute for Policy Studies* (Green Hill Publishers, Ottawa, Ill., $29.95). Begun in 1981 as a research project at the National Journalism Center, *Covert Cadre* is a model of investigative reporting, documenting the far-ranging influence of IPS.

Incorporated in 1963 by Richard Barnet and Marcus Raskin as an "educational organization" enjoying tax-exempt status, IPS got off the ground with backing from the Stern Family Fund and the Samuel Rubin Foundation. Since the early 1970s, the Rubin Foundation has been the major source of IPS funding. (The Rubin Foundation was established by Samuel Rubin, a member of the Communist Party, who made his fortune with Fabergé cosmetics. Today it is run by his daughter, Cora Rubin Weiss, and her husband, Peter Weiss, who is also chairman of the IPS board of trustees.)

From its inception, Powell explains, IPS has emphasized its "two overriding goals: dismantling the capitalist economic order and reshaping public-sector institutions in ways that give the Left political power thus far denied by the electoral process." Cloaking its radical-left and Marxist views in the garb of liberalism, IPS has enjoyed remarkable success. By establishing numerous other "think-tanks" and lobbying groups, it has created the impression that its positions have widespread support among diverse segments of the American electorate.

Powell discusses IPS's leading role in the on-going campaign to undermine U.S. intelligence agencies, in which it has concentrated on persuading Congress to enact legislation to restrict intelligence gathering. The 1975 Hughes-Ryan Amendment, for example, which subjects CIA covert operations to congressional oversight—in effect creating a permanent "leak mechanism"—grew out of a recommendation by Richard Barnet, in his book *The Economy of Death*. In 1978, the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act became law, placing additional restrictions on the ability of U.S. intelligence agencies to monitor the activities of potentially subversive foreign nationals. The Center for National Security Studies, an IPS spinoff, helped draft the new guidelines. All of this has had a "chilling effect" on our ability to gather intelligence overseas, while at the same time compromising our counter-intelligence capabilities at home.

Three chapters of *Covert Cadre* are devoted to disclosing the links IPS has forged with the mass media. IPS has long had close ties with the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. A number of syndicated columnists disseminate information passed on to them by IPS associates. Reporters affiliated with the IPS spinoff Center for Investigative Reporting have been hired to work on installments of CBS's *60 Minutes* and ABC's *20/20*. And from time to time IPS's Government Accountability Project supplies network TV with sensational "public interest" stories.

IPS has been in the vanguard of the "public-interest movement," which seeks to publicize alleged problems in the corporate world and subject private economic decisions to "the public good." "Economic democracy," a term coined by IPS associate fellow Derek Shearer to serve as a euphemism for socialism, is a public-interest-movement buzzword that has found favor within the Democratic Party, most particularly with Jesse Jackson, whose top advisors have included IPS luminaries Roger Wilkins, Robert Borosage, Barnet, and Raskin.

Through the seminars and classes it offers, IPS influences congressmen and their aides. Many members of Congress openly support IPS. Gary Hart, for example, was among the senators and representatives on hand to celebrate IPS's twentieth anniversary in 1983. IPS helped found the Congressional Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy, and it has ties with the Congressional Black Caucus.

Powell also explores IPS involvement in the peace movement. He cites IPS fellow Fred Halliday's admission that much of the organization's work has been "concerned with opposing and demystifying [the] claim . . . that there has been a fundamental shift in the balance between the East and the West over the past decade. . . ." IPS and its overseas arm, the Transnational Institute, maintain regular contact with Eastern European and Latin American Communists.

Scott Powell has performed a public service by blowing the cover off the Institute for Policy Studies. *Covert Cadre* is likely to be one of the most important books to appear this election year. □

Mr. Lutton, who is covering "The Right Books" this issue, is research director at The Summit, in Manitou Springs, Colorado.

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Most amazing among the leads is Albert Brooks, a comedian who himself has written, directed, and starred in some funny, underrated movies. His Aaron goes from seeming winner to nice loser, to not so nice loser, to quasi-winner—but always wisecracking—with exceptional poise and faultless timing, never missing or exaggerating a verbal or emotional beat. It is one of the great, seriously comic performances of recent times. No less remarkable, in an unbilled cameo role, is Jack Nicholson as a snooty, inflated New York anchorman. From his first appearance on a TV monitor, and thus at two removes from the movie audience, he has us in stitches, often with a mere look, for every one of his few on-screen seconds. In the strong supporting cast, Joan Cusack stands out as Jane's worshipful assistant.

Brooks has directed with unassertive fluidity, moving the camera around various interiors, notably in Aaron's apartment, with the sort of assurance the best television directors acquire from working in limited spaces in which camera movement is crucial. And no matter how propulsive the pace, he lets his actors breathe, expand, express themselves as if there were all the time of an unending sitcom at their disposal. But I wish he had allowed the ending to remain up in the air, rather than foist on us an unearned, not un- but non-happy ending, which, moreover, is rather self-consciously executed. Michael Ballhaus, the excellent German cinematographer, has given the film the spanking new, almost abrasively antiseptic look of certain TV studios and offices, a setting in which emotional sloppiness can look even funnier or more unsettling.

What keeps *Broadcast News* from making it into the first rank is chiefly an absence of self-irony. What is being held up as morally superior to the rest is never questioned, never analyzed, never considered possibly not so different from what it looks down on. But let us be grateful for a comedy that works, for the most part, handily, without insulting our intelligence or its own maniacalness.

"INSULTING" IS the word for what Steven Spielberg has done to J. G. Ballard's fine, tough, semiautobiographical novel on which *Empire of the Sun* is based. He turns this story of a boy's internment in a Japanese concentration camp during World War II into something halfway between his movie version of *The Color Purple* and *E.T.* It's no use saying this is how war and horror would appear to Jim, a child who perceives them as a fabulous adventure; the child, regrettably, is Spielberg himself, who cannot see anything unchildishly, and who turns children themselves into Disney-fied travesties of childhood.

Everything about the film is overstated, over-romanticized, whoring after effect. Everything shines, sparkles, dazzles. Whether it is the kamikaze pilots going off on their suicidal missions from an air base adjoining the prison camp, or confiscated furniture left out in a roofless stadium for who knows how long, it is all improbably beautiful, photographed by Allen Daviau (who can be understated when not goaded by Spielberg) so that you feel as if your eyes were being raped. Meanwhile such matters as continuity—the exact lapse of time and matters of topographical logic—are ignored.

When an American fighter pilot who is strafing the prison camp flies low enough (can a plane and movie stoop so low?) as to visibly wink at Jim, and everything stops dead for a moment as heavenly light transfigures the boy—he is crazy about planes—we are surely in fairyland. And throughout, John Williams's soupy score keeps pouring more obviousness on our heads. The early scenes, shot on Shanghai's marvelous Art Deco waterfront, the Bund, have at least incidental interest; an occasional image, such as a coffin floating down the Huang-p'u, does clutch at one. But even the crowd scenes, as the Japanese invade and Jim gets separated from his parents, are hammy: it is while reaching for the toy airplane that drops from his hand that he fatefully lets go of his mother's.

Excess and more excess. Tom Stoppard's screenplay has the small boy wondering whether God is dreaming us or we Him; a hokey visual effect makes a fierce Japanese officer in a white kimono and with an epicene build look to Jim like his mother; and so on. Christian Bale is adequate as Jim; John Malkovich overacts as the American con artist who becomes his father figure; the others, even in substantial parts, get lost in the shuffle. Everyone involved should have been made to watch the Swedish film about childhood, *My Life as a Dog*, three times, and then done better. Or realized his deficiency and desisted. □

DELECTATIONS

FRESH

Nika Hazelton

NOW, FRESHNESS is *in*. (At least where foods are concerned; mercifully, freshness in humans is still not admired, though practiced almost constantly.) Today, food must be fresh—fresher—the freshest. Remember how, not so very long ago, we palpitated, in succession, over salt, sugar, chicken over beef, special diets, amounts of water one must drink daily, and so on and so forth? Where are those concerns now? They are under wraps, and we have substituted for them the cry for freshness. The gurus of the food industry—the writers, the dieticians, the "foodies"—proclaim that only with the freshest ingredients can we produce dishes that will taste good and keep us healthy. They have a point; but they forget that it is impossible to get true freshness in the supermarkets, where almost all Americans shop.

Let us take produce and fruit first, since it is concerning these comestibles that the cry for freshness is loudest right now. Unless you have your own garden, or you can shop early in one of the greenmarkets to which the farmers bring their own produce (and are really sure that the farmer picked the stuff that very morning), or you live in the country near a good farmstand, the daily produce you consume is not, and cannot be, fresh. (I used to buy produce, for the buying co-op in our building, at New York's wholesale Hunts Point Market, and I know that the greens and fruits look wonderful, often with the help of water—but looks aren't everything.)

America is a continent as well as a nation, and such are distances in transportation, such is the problem of

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shelf life, and such is our spoiled habit of demanding things not in season (e.g., strawberries in November) that we are simply not eating really fresh foods: not even in San Francisco, which sits in the middle of America's most wonderful fruits-and-greens country. (It is interesting to note that the present freshness fad originated in California among the local chefs, one of the most famous of whom—Alice Waters, who runs the Chez Panisse restaurant in Berkeley—takes her ingredients from her own garden, whenever possible, or from carefully controlled nearby sources.)

And what about our meats, eggs, milk, and other dairy foods? The less said the better about the pitiful packets of bright red meats that are carefully labeled for use and displayed in the cold shelves of supermarkets. It is not an attractive practice but, on the other hand, how else can meat be displayed for instant appeal? So, too, with the new ways of packaging chicken for greater "convenience," with whole roasting chickens provided with a thingummy connected to a heat sensor, which pops out to tell you when the bird is done, and with chicken parts sold breaded and ready to cook. Well, that is what someone thinks the public wants, and the hell with quality, as long as the product looks attractive. Meanwhile, if you have ever eaten a freshly laid egg, you know what an egg can taste like; I imagine it is merciful that few of us have ever had that pleasure, given how rare it is nowadays.

I do not think for a moment that Americans are willing to give up eating asparagus in November, or cantaloupe in December. And I doubt that America could be fed with organically grown stuff (why does it always look so sad?). But I wonder if we would not be better off eating what nature produces in certain latitudes and in certain seasons—more interestingly cooked, I grant, but still, why not use what nature gives us, when it gives it to us, such as root vegetables and apples in the Northeast in fall and winter? Meanwhile, if you want peas in New York in January, go ahead and get them. But do not fool yourself into imagining that you are getting fresh vegetables. And as far as keeping healthy goes, is healthiness really a matter of taking the newest fad seriously, without examining its premises? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Crown of Thorns: The Reign of King Boris III of Bulgaria, 1918-1943, by Stéphane Groueff (Madison, 420 pp., $23.95)

"ONCE UPON A TIME, between the two wars, there was quite an engaging kingdom in the center of the Balkans called the Kingdom of Bulgaria," writes Stéphane Groueff in the Preface to *Crown of Thorns*. In the turmoil that followed World War I, Bulgaria's King Ferdinand, the autocrat, was deposed, and 24-year-old Crown Prince Boris ascended to the throne. He was serious, introspective, democratic in disposition, unsure of himself, and immensely likable. He learned to live with political realities that were none of his making: he knew when to be wily, when to be ruthless, but he never lost sight of his goal, which was to give his people a better life than they had known before him or would know after his death. For 25 years he kept Bulgaria free, in a high-wire act among contending domestic factions. And he waged a major and largely successful delaying action against the external forces that would after his death submerge Bulgaria into its present faceless condition as the Soviet Union's most subservient satellite. Only the presence of 650,000 German troops on his borders made him sign the Tripartite Pact (Germany, Italy, Japan). But until Boris's death in the fall of 1943 no Bulgarian troops fought in World War II and—extraordinarily—no Bulgarian Jews were shipped to extermination camps in Germany. In that, Bulgaria stood alone in Central and Eastern Europe. Boris died, whether of a heart attack or of poison, upon his return to Sofia after a particularly stormy session with Hitler. His death, Groueff writes, "struck the nation with an explosion of desolation. The King's death exposed, abruptly, the hopelessness of Bulgaria's future." In the index to *Crown of Thorns* there are a chilling number of references to p. 386. It is on that page, in the Epilogue, that Groueff tells of the execution by the Soviet Union on February 1, 1945, of Prince Kyril (Boris's brother) and the two other regents who ruled for the boy King Simeon, and of thirty other prominent Bulgarians who had served King Boris, among them Stéphane Groueff's father. Another Ekaterinburg, a small-scale Katyn Forest. *Crown of Thorns* is a fascinating, eminently readable story stylishly told by the former New York Bureau Chief of *Paris-Match*, and tinged with sadness for his lost homeland and the good man whose best efforts could not surmount geography or the totalitarian tides of the twentieth century.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 34)

a Contra connection, preferably nefarious. Gregg says Salvadoran counter-insurgency was the main topic of their conversations.

This is a detail in the Bush record that could, but probably won't, hurt him. The more problematic factor is the totality.

There are still, in America, significant reserves of respect for a person of Bush's station in life—the well-off working WASP. Fortunately for Bush, they are concentrated in his own party. But in the culture at large, they are much shrunken. In the ranks of those who mold culture, they are virtually nil.

Conservative intellectuals and intellectualoids are as indifferent as their liberal peers. The paleo-Right was lopsidedly Catholic; neocon-dom is overwhelmingly Jewish. When we have not been wooing crackers over the last twenty years, we have been flattering ethnics. George Bush is a dream—the *Union Leader* would say, a nightmare—from which the postwar conservative movement has tried to wake.

The WASP's cultural isolation has had stultifying effects. In the absence of fruitful intellectual conversation, he has lost his voice, and his capacity to think. The symptom of this process, in Bush's case, is his discomfort with "the vision thing." "*Vision of the future?*" he asks almost testily in *Looking Forward*. "Why would anyone run for President of the United States *without* a comprehensive view of the world? . . . I'm not comfortable with rhetoric for rhetoric's sake."

He has a point. In the mouths of many a pol—Gary Hart comes to mind—"vision," "new ideas," whatever, is pure swamp gas. Next to this, better a man who steers by the dead reckoning of honor and good habits. But we

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live in ideological times, and rhetorical times. George Bush is proud of his loyal service in the Reagan Administration. But that Administration came to power—over the back of Bush, among others—through the force of ideology and rhetoric. It lost its power when these weakened.

If Bush wants to be as successful as Ronald Reagan has been, it won't be enough to act like Reagan. It will require being like Reagan—which means being, in some degree, unlike George Bush. □

JAFFA

(Continued from page 46)

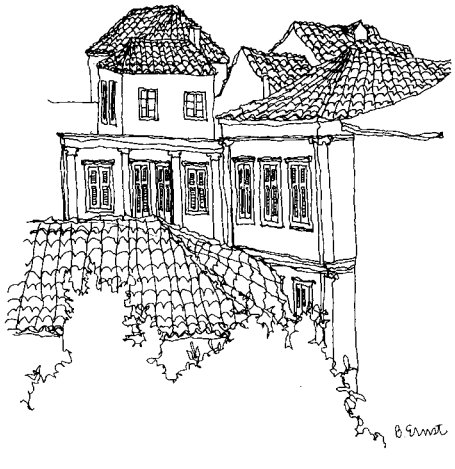
that there is no intrinsic relationship between the thoughts that are actually present to us in our consciousness, and their real meaning or purpose. Evolution is only a prototypical expression of the deepest strand of modern philosophy, which identifies understanding with the reduction of any complex phenomenon—including man—to one single underlying cause. In the case of evolution, all life is understood as a response to the requirement of self-preservation. The variety of the forms of life—and of thought—has no more intrinsic meaning than the variety of the circumstances in which the preservation of life (or of non-life) is found. That is what Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. had in mind when he said that a human being had no more intrinsic value than a baboon or a grain of sand.

Without entering into any consideration of the moral consequences of this perspective, let us note only this: whether we are looking at Marx, Darwin, Freud, Watson (the behaviorist), or any of their successors, we note that, without exception, they exempt themselves from the analysis that they make of all other phenomena. Marx does not believe that Marxism reflects only class consciousness. The assertion that "all history is the history of class struggle" is a statement about history that can only be made from outside of history. That is to say, it is an assertion made from outside of history by someone who says that no human thought can be outside of history. Thus Darwin—and the Darwinians—do not believe that evolutionary theory is merely an offshoot of the struggle for survival. It never even occurred to Darwin to try to demonstrate that the theory of evolution has played, or could have played, a role in human evolution. Had he done so, however, he would only have jumped—so to speak—from the frying pan into the fire. Any theory—like any organ of the body—that is itself merely part of the evolutionary process can be displaced by future developments in that same process.

Man's true or genuine humanity consists above all else in his desire to know the truth, and in the attempt to live his life in accordance with the truth he has discovered. The dignity of science—according to the evolutionary scientists themselves—lies in its unqualified dedication to the truth. But the self-contradiction that lies at the heart of this science disqualifies it from the authority that it claims. This is the heart of the matter.

The theory of evolution, no less than the Bible, assigns to man a need and desire for truth—truth about man's purpose or destiny, and not merely truth about man's material origins. But evolution cannot find in the evolutionary process any ground to satisfy this need or desire. The Bible, and Biblical religion, are certainly among the highest expressions of man's humanity in coming to terms with the ultimate questions of human life—questions with respect to which evolution contributes nothing whatsoever. To exclude from the curriculum any account of how man has come to terms with these questions in and through the Bible is to exclude the most important elements of human history, and hence of education. To include such an account without introducing any form of sectarian persuasion into it may be difficult, but it certainly is not impossible.

Justice William O. Douglas, in a famous opinion, declared that "We are a religious people, whose institutions presuppose a supreme being." According to the current Supreme Court, there is no constitutional way of explaining that assertion to the public-school children of America. Hence there is no way of teaching American history, or the purpose of American institutions, to these same children. How can we explain to them America's role in the struggle for religious liberty, if we cannot explain to them what that liberty is for? How can we exclude creation from our explanation of the world, while declaring that "All men are created equal," and are "endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." How can we tell them that Thomas Jefferson said the "only sure foundation" for our liberties is the belief that they are "of the gift of God, and may not be violated but with His wrath"?



It is then impossible to insist—as the current Court seems to do—that a self-contradictory materialist explanation of man be accepted without challenge, and that a contrary explanation be excluded simply because it is called "religious." But the creationists must stop calling themselves scientists, and insist instead upon books and teachers who can point out the fallacies of the scientists and the limitations of science. They must stop trying to "balance" one form of bad reasoning with another. The Bible is not science, and "secular humanism," viz., atheism, is not religion. To maintain such absurdities in the quest for tactical legal advantages is bound to prove self-defeating in the end. Thus

Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns.
—*Paradise Lost*, II, 907-909

The essence of the Bible, and of Biblical religion, consists in teachings of faith. These teachings are addressed to those questions that science does not answer at all, and to questions for which the guidance of unassisted reason may appear too uncertain, if not simply insufficient. Let us then not try to pretend that science and faith are one and the same. They are not. And an education that does not comprehend the role of both in human history and human destiny is not worthy of the name. □

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E. Cook:

"Christmas Spirit"

'Tis not the weight of jewel or plate
Or the fondle of silk and fur:
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich,
As the gifts of the wise ones were,
And we are not told whose gift was gold
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

NORTH JERSEY Catholic male, 30, 6'1", with B.S. Hopeless romantic with traditional values. Interests: the outdoors, travel, sports, life-fulfilling adventures. Seeks attractive, intelligent, Catholic female, 22–32, who is into fun and romance.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY graduate, 25, good looking, 5'11", 160 lbs.: loves all sports, all music, puppies, knapsacking it through Europe, sunsets, *NR*, flying—and where did all those old Saturday-morning cartoons go? Seeks an intelligent, caring lady with same and varied interests, 22–30, who values laughter, warmth, and fidelity. Photo preferred. NR Box 5099.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA freelance writer, 39, with small ranch in wine country, looking for marvelous girl who wants three or four kids, old-fashioned family life. Taste for books, ideas, Zinfandel essential. NR Box 6007.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. For information send age, interests, $1 to Syrakuse, Box 2041B, Syracuse, N.Y. 13220.

CATHOLIC? Interested in corresponding with eligible Catholic women in the Far East? Information: Philippine Correspondence Club, Floroy Initiatives, Dept. A, P.O. Box 16198, Austin, Tex. 78761.

CULTURED, WELL-BRED, PRETTY lady enjoys sports, biographies, painting. Will relocate between Florida and Princeton, N.J., area for educated, marriageable gentleman over 63. Box 2251, Vero Beach, Fla. 32961.

WANTED: a man, 45–60, clean, comfortable with sex, into comfortable lifestyle, who understands wisdom of Ten Commandments. I enjoy writing, golf, art. I like children, birds, horses, TV. NR Box 6010.

MASSACHUSETTS-BASED, Franco-Irish practicing Catholic: single, conservative male, 29, 5'11", handsome, witty, fit, non-smoking, non-drinking marketing-arts director whose interests include Beatles music, Hitchcock films, dining out, dancing, and Trivial Pursuit—seeks attractive, practicing-Catholic professional woman who is humorous, assertive, and imaginative, with similar/complementary interests. Photo preferred, please. NR Box 5093.

QUITE ATTRACTIVE, witty, wealthy, and well-bred gentleman, 28, enjoys *NR*, sailing, and lively conversation—wishes to meet ebullient, caring, cultured young lady of means. Photo and letter to NR Box 5098.

WISCONSIN WIDOW: attractive, 68-year-old retiree, spiritually minded Protestant. Loves music (sacred, classical, organ), swimming, biking. Seeks committed Christian man in 60s or early 70s, widower or bachelor, who desires the companionship of marriage. Write NR Box 5097.

ISABELLA OF PASADENA (?): You forgot to give your address or phone number. NR Box 5058.

HANDSOME ATTORNEY, 38, loves baseball, tennis, jogging. Interests include conservative politics, dining adventures, dancing, lots of fun and laughter. Seeks pretty lady who enjoys being best friends, someone who knows what she wants, and who wants to meet someone like me. NR Box 6006.

SCANDINAVIA–U.S.A.–AUSTRALIA: network of members seeking enlightened correspondence, lasting friendship. Scanna, Box 4-HNR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

SOUTHERN ARTIST, youthful, early 40s, conservative values. Interests include Cajun cooking; "antiquing"; animals; classical music; country living; reading T. S. Eliot, WFB. Seeks single lady, 22–40, for romance, even marriage. NR Box 5096.

AN INTELLIGENT WAY to meet others—for hobbies, sports, correspondence, friendship, vacations—members nearby and 90 countries worldwide. Electronic Exchange, P.O. Box 68-N1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

ARE YOU CULTURED and single? Single Booklovers was started in 1970 to help cultured singles get acquainted through a monthly national newsletter. Write SBL, Box 117NR, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call 215-358-5049.

SINGLE, WHITE MALE, 34, 5'7", NYC, seeks single, white female to share sports, politics, rock music, '88 GOP victory. Religion not important, love of America is! P.O. Box 20090, New York, N.Y. 10025.

PROFESSOR, 34, healthy, handsome, Victorian; loves hiking, writing, philosophizing, travel; self-knowing rather than worldly-wise; seeks same in pretty, highly principled girl. Intentions honorable. NR Box 5088.

SAN FRANCISCO PROFESSIONAL, staunchly traditional Catholic, 38, 6'0", considered handsome, seeks very placid, slender, non-smoking, never-married, and devoutly orthodox Catholic young lady. Interests: Rosary, pro-life activities, and pre-Vatican II theology. Write NR Box 5092.

ADVENTURE is a state of mind for Midwest widow, late 50s, tall, slender, own career, academic milieu, peripatetic, liturgical tradition. Treasures insights gained through shared travel, Bach, reading (broad spectrum), theater, quiet walks and talks. NR Box 6002.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Miscellaneous

CONSERVATIVE DISCUSSION GROUP—Philadelphia area. Like to read *NR* but have no one to discuss it with? A friendly fellowship (non-denominational) to expand our intellectual horizons. We discuss Augustine to Falwell, books to movies. Fourth Friday every month: 7:30 P.M. Call 215-576-7008.

DELIGHT YOUR FAMILY with these three delicious cake recipes, for Easter or anytime. Send $3, S.A.S.E. to Sylvia, Main Street, Box 459, Dept. N1, Marathon, N.Y. 13803.

MATER DEI, monthly journal. Fast-growing orthodox publication. Explores doctrine, turmoil, heresies, solutions, holiness. Organizing Michigan faithful. Spiritual battle over children. *Mater Dei*, 9523 Pine Hill, Battle Creek, Mich. 49017. $6 per year.

NICARAGUAN FREEDOM FOUNDATION: specializing in supplying medicines, pharmaceuticals to those who have sacrificed to promote democracy in Nicaragua. This is your opportunity to assist the Contras and participate personally in establishing civil liberty. We absolutely guarantee correct delivery. For a precise list of medical requirements, write Jack J. Goehring III (formerly Captain, U.S. Army, Vietnam), Law Offices, 1005 Spring Hill Road, McLean, Va. 22102.

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CHECKUP TIME

NEW YORK, JAN. 4

JANUARY 5 is a critical date, but probably not one known outside the technical circles. It is then that the "International Commission for Verification" will issue its final report on whether the necessary conditions have been met to pursue the Arias plan for settling the Nicaraguan question.

Here is what has gone wrong on that complicated front.

The Arias plan called in effect for four Central American republics to oversee the end of the war in Nicaragua. But the plan itself gave away relevant principles. It dealt with the government of Nicaragua as an equal, which it is not by any standard, and the implications of this error will soon visit us.

In 1979, acknowledging the help being given by the Sandinistas to guerrillas and terrorists even then, the Organization of American States voted that recognition would not be given to Nicaragua until a genuine democracy had been established there, and free and fair elections held. Theoretically, the Nicaragua of the Sandinistas would be an outcast state until democracy and civil liberties were restored.

Now the Arias plan—as Constantine Menges, resident scholar of the American Enterprise Institute and former Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, stresses—doesn't call for national elections in Nicaragua until 1990, when the Sandinistas' constitution itself stipulates that they shall take place. This means that between now and then, the Sandinistas, though they rule by force, are uniquely positioned to direct the government of their country. Through one or another artifice, they can effect liberal reforms. But what they can give, they can as easily take away—so long as they are left with the power to do so.

The Verification Commission consists of 11 members. They are the Secretaries General of the UN and of the OAS. And then representatives from Mexico and the other three Contadora countries, plus the five Central American countries.

Mexico and the other Contadora countries do not have the technical resources to uncover and expose hidden airfields, training camps, small ports for the importation of arms, warehouses, and other facilities through which Nicaragua supports its "revolutionary internationalism." Moreover, Mexico, which dominates the Contadora group, is an unswerving apologist for the Sandinistas. The Sandinistas have most to fear from the governments of El Salvador and Honduras, which have suffered the most from Nicaraguan subversion. It is for that reason that we can expect especially bitter attacks on those two countries. The ultra-liberal Arms Control and Foreign Policy Caucus of the U.S. Congress has charged that Duarte's government in El Salvador has misused U.S. aid in order to prolong the civil war there at the expense of social and economic reform. The Caucus has urged Congress to withhold half of its annual appropriation of military and fiscal assistance, to suspend all aid to El Salvador's police force, and to link future aid to El Salvador's compliance with the Arias plan. And Honduras has come under heavy criticism for "peace-plan obstruction" and alleged human-rights abuses. "Peace-plan obstruction" can be read to mean: giving sanctuary to the Contras.

The vote is going to certify that Nicaragua has met the Arias plan's criteria. Congress is likely to reaffirm its determination not to send further military aid to the Contras, on the additional grounds that the ceasefire makes unnecessary the use of any arms.

The ensuing murky hiatus is one that, in the opinion of Menges, poses special threats to the four democratic countries surrounding Nicaragua. Given their own reckoning of how things are going, they will be tempted to make accommodations with the Sandinistas. This is most easily done by overlooking violations of the Arias plan.

THE OUTLOOK for Central America in 1988 is an attrition of liberty and democracy under the umbrella of the "peace process." With the attenuation of genuine pressure applied by the Contras, Communist guerrillas in El Salvador and Guatemala will be fed supplies from Cuba and Nicaragua and other Communist countries. The resulting destabilization in the area will mean the gradual ostracism of El Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala; leading to the Communization of Central America.

The only way to confront this threat is to amend the Arias plan to call for elections, free and fair, with campaigning to last at least three months, accompanied by full amnesty and press freedom. Such an election, the Sandinistas would lose. Which is why we should press for it, and why they won't agree to it unless forced to by pressure from the Contras. We would be doing nothing more than reaffirming the demands of the OAS nine years ago. We should remind ourselves that nothing—nothing—is more dangerous than the kind of thing that happens under the blanket of "peace" processes. There are plenty of boat people who would be willing to testify to this. □

THE CONDOM ISSUE

NEW YORK, JAN. 6

A SCHOLARLY lady (with apologies to the late Clare Boothe Luce, whose impassioned rule was that "lady" could only be used in such situations as otherwise would require the use of "gentleman"), writing to the *New York Times*, has given useful perspective on the Catholic Bishops Condom Issue. For those who do not follow news of Catholic bishops or of condoms or even of the unlikely combination of the two, what came before was as follows:

A committee of bishops, acting so to speak as an executive committee, last month issued a longish paper the burden of which was that Catholic schools should teach students about the uses of condoms, in order to guard against the spread of the AIDS virus. John Cardinal O'Connor of New York, when he heard about the action of the committee, issued a blast against the document, condemning it as an invitation to promiscuity. He promised that several other American bishops would join him in the weeks to come in rejecting the instrument, and in due course Bernard Cardinal Law of Boston came forward with an equally strong statement, and less emphatic rejections were issued by a half-dozen other bishops.

To the surprise of the Catholic community, what at first appeared to have happened, just after Christmas, was a formal recall of the controversial statement, pending a full ventilation of it at the next plenary meeting of the bishops, scheduled for June. But this recall was later denied. A

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recall of a statement issued by a committee of bishops, one gathers, would be unprecedented in the United States, and the mere hint of it suggests deep divisions. The question before the house is: What are those divisions exactly all about?

It is true that the most conspicuously liberal, if that is the word for it, bishops in America were the most enthusiastic about the condom statement, namely Joseph Cardinal Bernardin of Chicago, and Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen of Seattle. The temptation is obvious: to suppose that there are some bishops whose attitude is, Look, let's just be grown up enough to recognize that Catholics are of the same biological composition as Protestants and Jews and therefore no matter how much emphasis we place, in their training, on sanctioned sexual behavior, they are going to prove their fallibility seventy times seven times, and since this is the case, we may as well not have seventy times seven bastards, seventy times seven abortions, and however many more AIDS cases germinate from 490 homosexual unions.

Before the proposed recall of the committee's December declaration, one wag, surveying the apparent confusion, remarked that it looked as though the Catholic Church in America was in favor of condoms except for birth control. It is such confusion that Miss Cathleen Kaveny, identified in the *Times* as "a candidate for a PhD in religious ethics and a law degree at Yale University," clarifies with exemplary lucidity.

There is, in Christian doctrine, the "time-honored 'rule of double effect.'" Miss Kaveny gives an example:

"Suppose a newly married Catholic couple who want nothing more than to start a family discover that the hemophiliac husband has contracted AIDS through a blood transfusion. To foster the great unitive good of marital intercourse, they could use condoms without violating the teachings of *Humanae Vitae* [the most vigorous (1968) papal encyclical opposed to birth control by artificial methods]. If asked why they were using condoms, their answer would be 'to prevent the transmission of AIDS.' Thus the end, aim, or primary effect is entirely licit."

As far as she goes, Miss Kaveny is clearly correct. But everyone will instantly acknowledge that the hypothetical use of the condom in the example given will fit very few married couples. What the O'Connorites are saying is: Look, advertise the condom and its benefits, and you advertise, in effect, mechanisms by which the consequences of sinful behavior are diluted. In doing so, inevitably you increase the incidence of sinful behavior.

The Bernardinites are saying: Look, sins are bad enough, but sins that lead to AIDS bring on temporal consequences out of proportion to the sin committed; moreover, consequences, as often as not, visited on innocent parties. One may cavil that there is no such thing as an innocent party in male-to-male sex. Still, we ought not to be accessories to death sentences for failure to comply with Christian law. Such moral punishment comes not only to AIDS victims, but also to aborted fetuses.

It is projected that there will be a "*disputatio*" on the question in June, among the bishops, in private session. It's too bad there won't be any Democratic congressmen there. It would be good if somebody leaked the proceedings. □

RING IN THE NEW

NEW YORK, DEC. 30

It is correct that on the whole the Democrats like Mr. Reagan's new foreign policy better than the Republicans do, but the gloom over there is that there aren't a lot of Republicans around who are going to vote Democratic in 1988 because they are sore at Mr. Reagan about INF. So what are they going to fuss & fume about come next summer in Atlanta? The Reverend William Sloane Coffin, newly ascended to the presidency of SANE/Freeze, which is the organization specializing in nuclear discontents, said solemnly the other day (I kid you not) that Soviet reporters here in connection with the Summit conference were "shocked" at the condition of the homeless in New York. Someone pointed out that just as it is true that Cubans recently risked their lives to prove that they would rather be in prison in America than at large in Cuba, many of the homeless of New York live in relative luxury by contrast with Muscovite life in middle-class apartments. The homeless are a continuing problem, but an attack against homelessness has got to be done in the context of the knowledge that, in a free society, you cannot abolish Skid Row.

So what else? Mr. Paul Manheim, an elderly, shrewd, and amusing attorney with an eye for figures, recently addressed a letter to the executive editor of the *New York Times*, Mr. Max Frankel. The letter was written in the ironic mode ("when are you going to start giving your readers the truth"), and such letters are seldom calibrated with attention to the nicer distinctions: but there was much robust truth in Manheim's Manifesto, from which Republicans will get much nourishment in the forthcoming national debate.

Manheim wants to know why the readers of the *New York Times* among others are under the impression that the Reagan Administration has cut social services, generally speaking. It remains true, after all, that there are more than one thousand social services provided by the Federal Government, but the particular point is arresting. In Carter's last year, spending for such services totaled $381 billion. Now, advance $381 billion to compensate for inflation to the year 1987, and you arrive at the figure $507 billion. That's how much Reagan would have spent if he had spent an amount comparable to Carter's. In fact he spent $581 billion. Up almost 20 per cent.

And the eternal question of taxes. It is a part of the liberal legend that the reason we suffer so huge a deficit is that Mr. Reagan "reduced" taxes. Well, Reagan did reduce the *rate* of taxation: which is very different from reducing taxes. Indeed it is a documented part of one aspect of supply-side economics that tax revenues often increase after rates are lowered, and indeed because they are lowered.

It would certainly appear to have been the case under Reagan. In Carter's last year, tax revenues were $517 billion. Apply the inflation factor, and one would expect taxes, assuming the rates had stayed exactly the same, to have been $688 billion in 1987. But under Reagan, tax revenues were $857 billion. That's $169 billion more revenue than under the high tax rates. That story tells us a lot about revenue, and a lot about social philosophy; and worlds about those Democratic candidates who, like Governor Babbitt, like to stand up on tiptoes to prove that they want tax increases.

There is the matter of the trade deficit. We all deplore it. We all suffer at the mere thought of it. We all indite in bloody letters the results of it . . .

And then we look about us. Our exports in 1980 came to $226 billion ($301 billion in 1987 dollars). In 1987 our exports ($207 billion) had relatively declined, which would cause the loss of jobs, correct?

But the effect was quite the opposite. Not only did unemployment decrease as a percentage (from 7 per cent to 6.3 per cent), it actually went down in absolute terms. The figures here are startling: In 1980, 101 million Americans had jobs. The figure today is 114.5 million.

But surely individual industries were hurt, conspicuously automobiles, given everybody's apparent preference for European and Japanese models? In 1980, 1,576,000 people were employed by the American automotive industry. Today, that industry employs 1,745,000 people. It's awfully hard on the Democrats when the party of depression brings on a decrease in inflation, a decrease in interest rates, an increase in federal revenues, and a decrease in unemployment.

Well, perhaps NATO will unwind, and the Democrats can point the finger at Reagan and say: He did it! Hooray. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. The "compassionate" pols — DEMOCRATS (142 33 134 16 69 127 145 1 8)

B. South Africa's albatross — APARTHEID (27 152 60 11 7 22 18 29 46)

C. Questionable Hart trait — VALUES (55 94 92 126 150 20)

D. Hart plans to let this decide his fate — ELECTORATE (54 118 103 15 9 21 35 86 24 90)

E. Complained, Mondale style — BEEFED (13 97 89 105 108 41)

F. Area affected by INF treaty — EUROPE (117 32 81 135 42 148)

G. The U.S. is one — REPUBLIC (149 14 95 51 121 74 154 102)

H. Afghan benefactors — RUSSIANS (153 141 30 59 75 131 101 19)

I. Descriptive of the Iran-Contra investigations (hyph.) — YEARLONG (93 3 114 99 85 23 124 77)

J. Georgetown abodes — TOWNHOUSES (136 47 88 115 79 56 84 61 143 31)

K. Godless — HEATHEN (26 37 123 65 2 80 146)

L. Seasonal quaff — EGGNOG (119 116 130 76 10 83)

M. European leader — THATCHER (28 62 5 78 112 107 155 128)

N. Else — OTHERWISE (34 106 43 52 139 64 67 156 110)

O. Sorry — PATHETIC (96 70 68 50 138 57 122 147)

P. Hart headline topic (2 words) — SEXSCANDAL (125 133 111 158 72 49 38 144 100 45)

Q. Economic cure-all, to Definition A (2 words) — TAXHIKE (39 98 151 137 44 91 82)

R. Brace yourself for this doctor — ORTHODONTIST (63 87 132 4 66 53 104 48 157 36 120 25)

S. European river — RHONE (6 113 129 71 40)

T. Inventors of the rubber stamp? (2 words) — YESMEN (12 58 109 17 73 140)

1 A	2 K	3 I		4 R	5 M	6 S	7 B		8 A	9 D	10 L	11 B	12 T		13 E	14 G	15 D	16 A	17 T
18 B	19 J		20 C	21 D		22 B	23 I	24 D		25 R	26 K	27 B	28 M		29 B	30 H	31 J	32 F	33 A
	34 N	35 D	36 R	37 K	38 P	39 Q	40 S	41 E		42 F	43 N	44 Q	45 P		46 B	47 J	48 R	49 P	50 O
51 G	52 N		53 R	54 D	55 C	56 J	57 O	58 T	59 H		60 B		61 J	62 M	63 R	64 N		65 K	66 R
	67 N	68 O		69 A	70 O	71 S	72 P	73 T	74 G	75 H	76 L	77 I		78 M	79 J	80 K		81 F	82 Q
83 L	84 J	85 I	86 D	87 R		88 J	89 E	90 D	91 Q	92 C	93 I		94 C	95 G	96 O	97 E	98 Q	99 I	100P
101H	102G	103D		104R	105E		106N	107M	108E		109T	110N	111P		112M	113S	114I	115J	116L
117F		118D	119L	120R	121G	122O	123K	124I		125P	126C	127A	128M	129S	130L	131A	132R	133P	
134A	135F	136J	137Q	138O	139N		140T	141H	142A	143J		144P	145A	146K	147O	148F	149G		150C
151Q		152B	153H	154G	155M	156N	157R	158P											

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 62 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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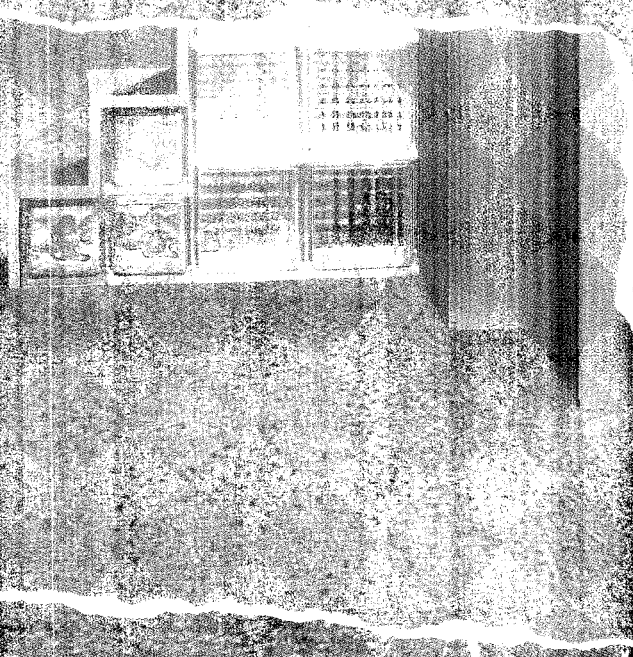

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